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The DOCTOR of ALCANTARA

By Julius Eichberg

Oliver Ditson Company

E.G.MALE

THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA

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A COMIC OPERA
IN TWO ACTS

THE BOOK BY
BENJAMIN E. WOOLF

THE MUSIC BY
JULIUS EICHBERG

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOCTOR PARACELSUS.	
SENOR BALTHAZAR.	
CARLOS	*HIS SON*
PEREZ, SANCHO	*PORTERS.*
DON POMPOSO	*ALGUAZIL*
SERENADERS, CITIZENS, &c.	
DONNA LUCREZIA	*WIFE TO DR. PARACELSUS*
ISABELLA	*HER DAUGHTER*
INEZ	*HER MAID*

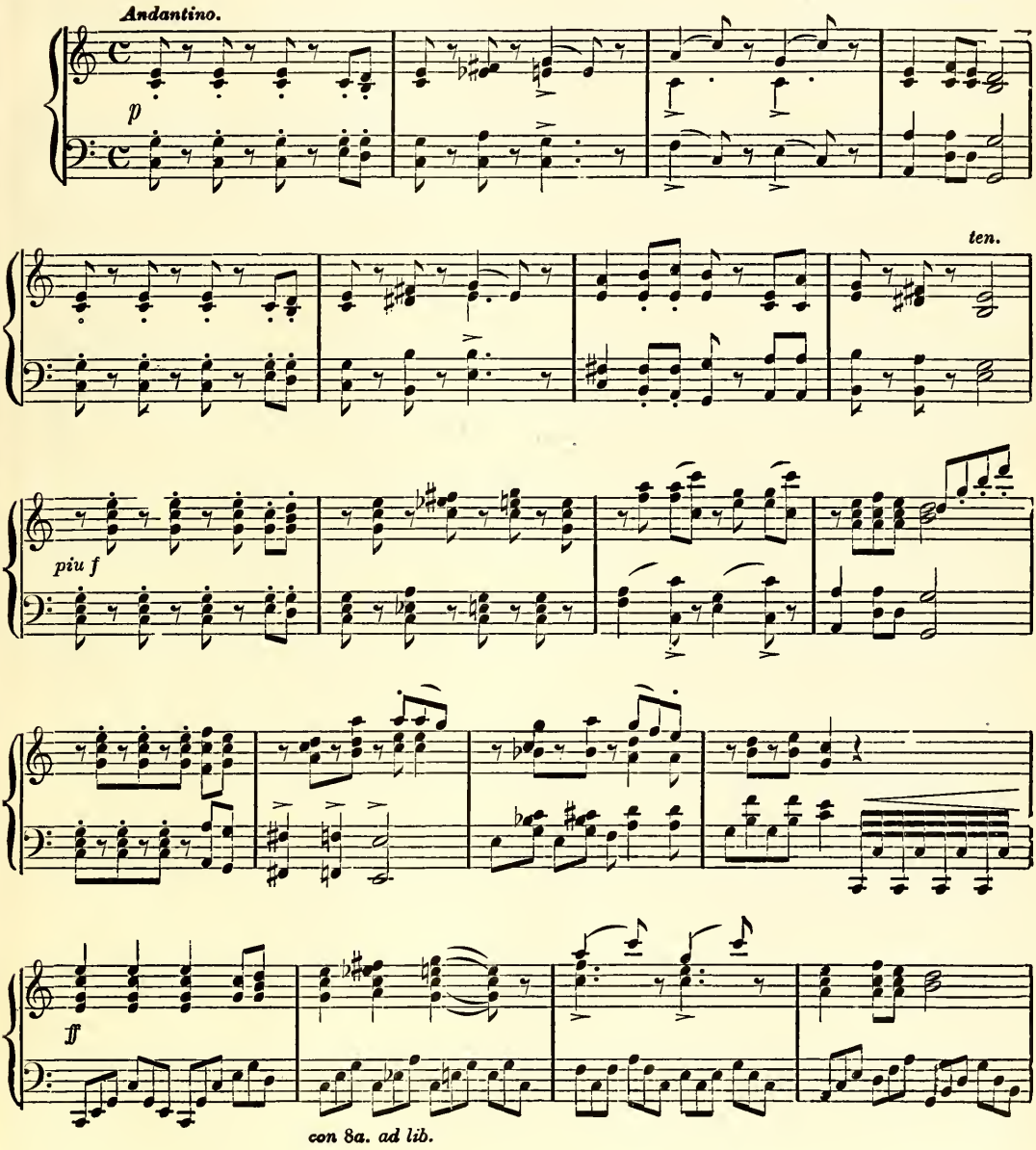
SCENE: ALCANTARA IN THE HOUSE OF DR. PARACELSUS.

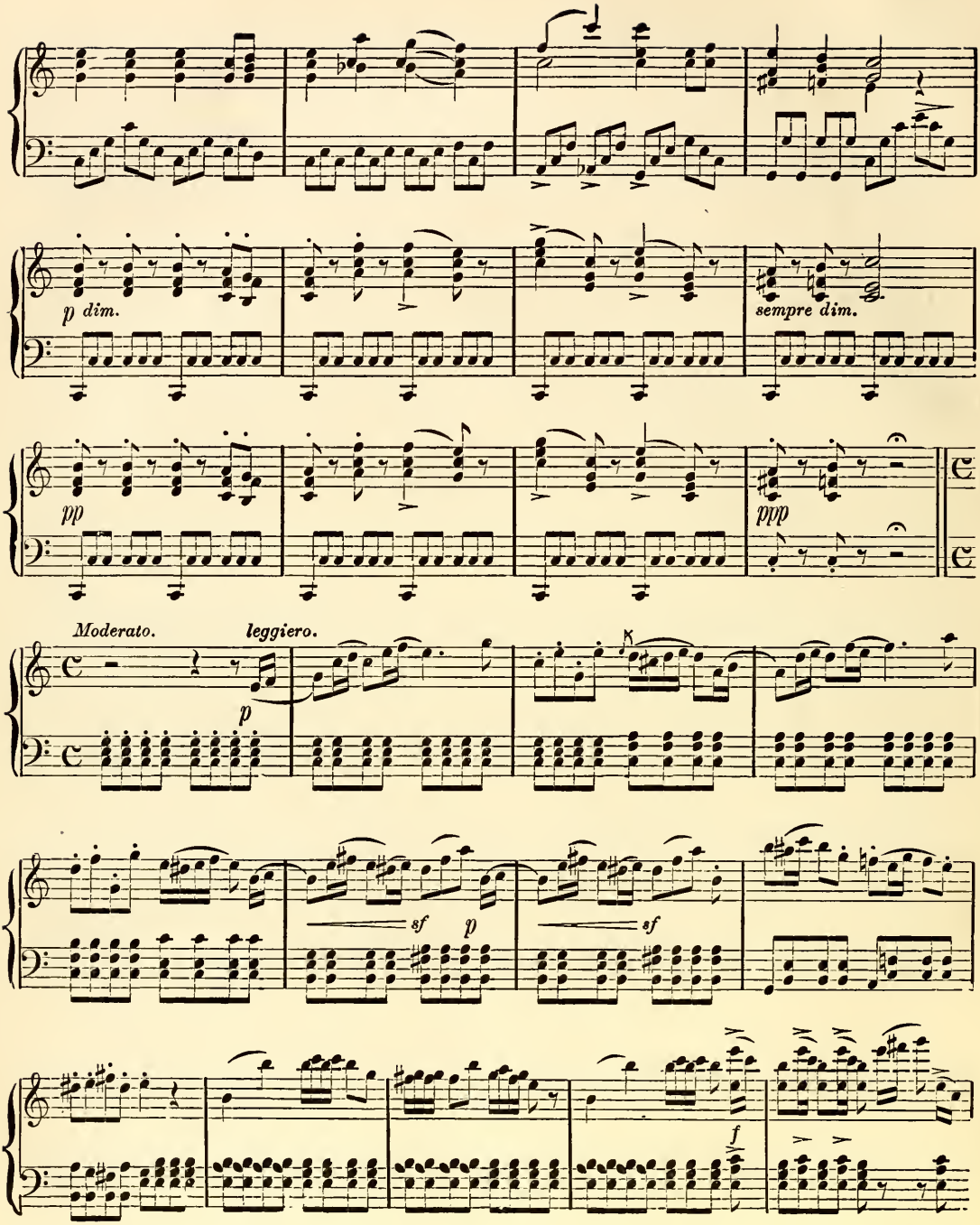
ARGUMENT.

CARLOS, the son of Senor BALTHAZAR, has fallen in love with Senoretta ISABELLA, daughter of DOCTOR PARACELSUS. In the meanwhile, ISABELLA has been betrothed to a young man, with whose name she has not been made acquainted. Surprised by her mother in listening to a serenade given by CARLOS, she confesses her love for him, and refuses to marry the unknown intended. CARLOS contrives to have himself conveyed into the house in a basket, under cover of a present to INEZ, the confidante of ISABELLA. CARLOS takes advantage of the absence of everybody to get out of the basket and conceal himself. The DOCTOR and INEZ, in trying to hide the basket from the quarrelsome LUCREZIA, drop it into the river, and afterwards learn that there was a man in it. Attracted by the despairing screams of INEZ, the night watch appear, led by the Alguazil, POMPOSO, who informs them that they are under the surveillance of his men as suspicious persons. After the departure of the night watch, the DOCTOR and INEZ are left brooding in fear and dismay over their crime, when CARLOS enters, to the great terror of the DOCTOR and INEZ, who immediately suspect him to be a police spy. He discovers himself to them as the son of Senor BALTHAZAR, being at the same time unaware that his lady love and his intended are one and the same. Transported with joy, the DOCTOR asks him to take a glass of wine with him, which wine, brought by INEZ, proving to be one of the DOCTOR'S poisonous decoctions, plunges CARLOS at once into a deathlike swoon. The DOCTOR, believing him dead, and afraid of being detected in this his second imaginary murder, conceals CARLOS in a sofa, in which act he is disagreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of SENOR BALTHAZAR, who comes to conclude the arrangements for the marriage of his son and ISABELLA. His presence being objectionable to them, they put every obstacle in his way, so that at length he is forced to pass the night on the sofa, beneath which his son's body is concealed. When he is asleep, the DOCTOR and INEZ, fearful of discovery, enter to remove the body from under BALTHAZAR, who awakes and starts up in fear. CARLOS, by this time recovering from the effect of the opiate, contrives to get out of the sofa, and his father meeting him in the dark, utters a cry of alarm which terrifies the DOCTOR and INEZ, and also attracts the neighbors. Mutual explanations take place, and ISABELLA and CARLOS prove to have been loving at cross-purposes, as they were, from the first, intended for each other by their respective parents.

OVERTURE.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

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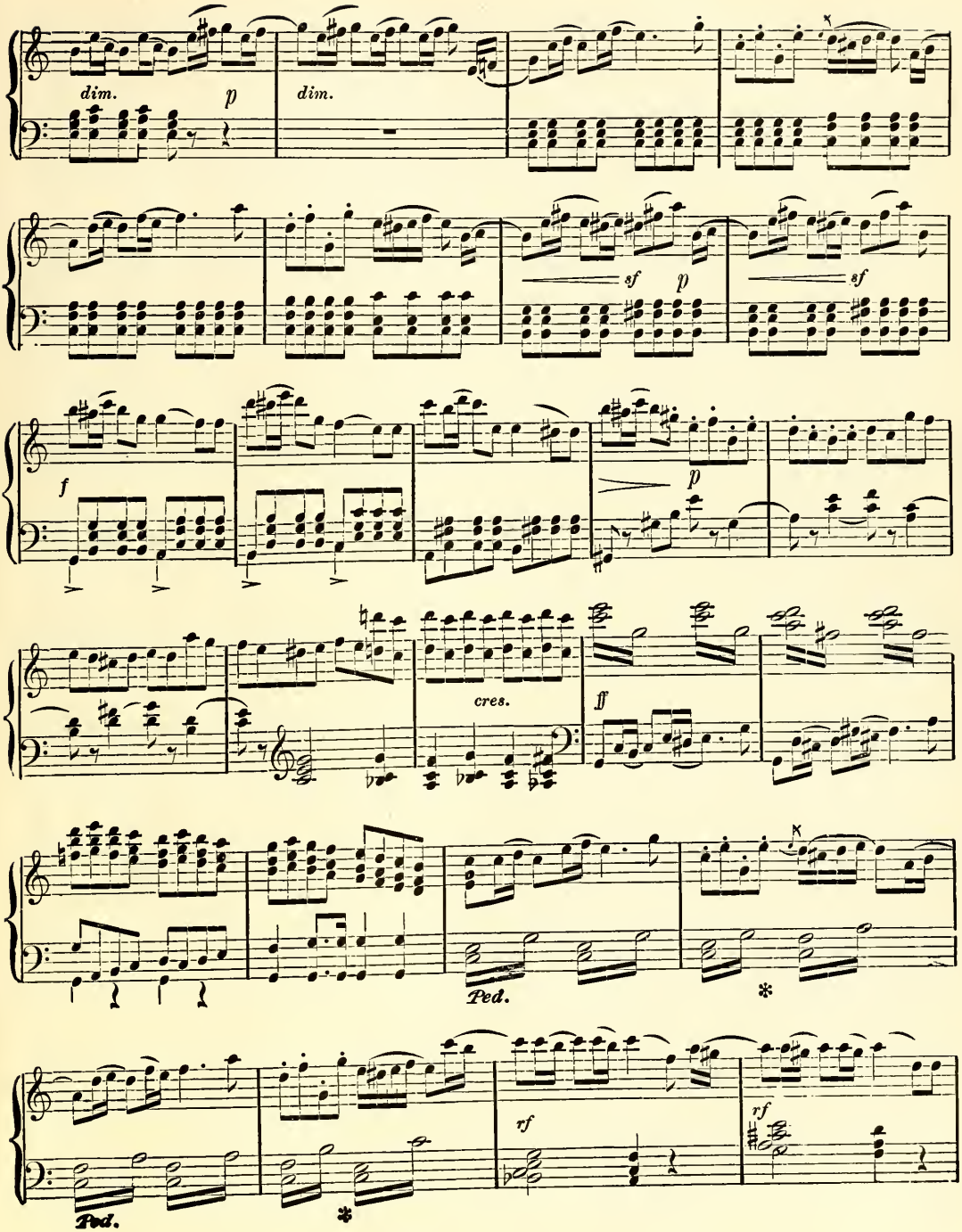
sempre dim.
pp
ppp
Moderato.
leggiero.
p
sf
p
sf
f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*
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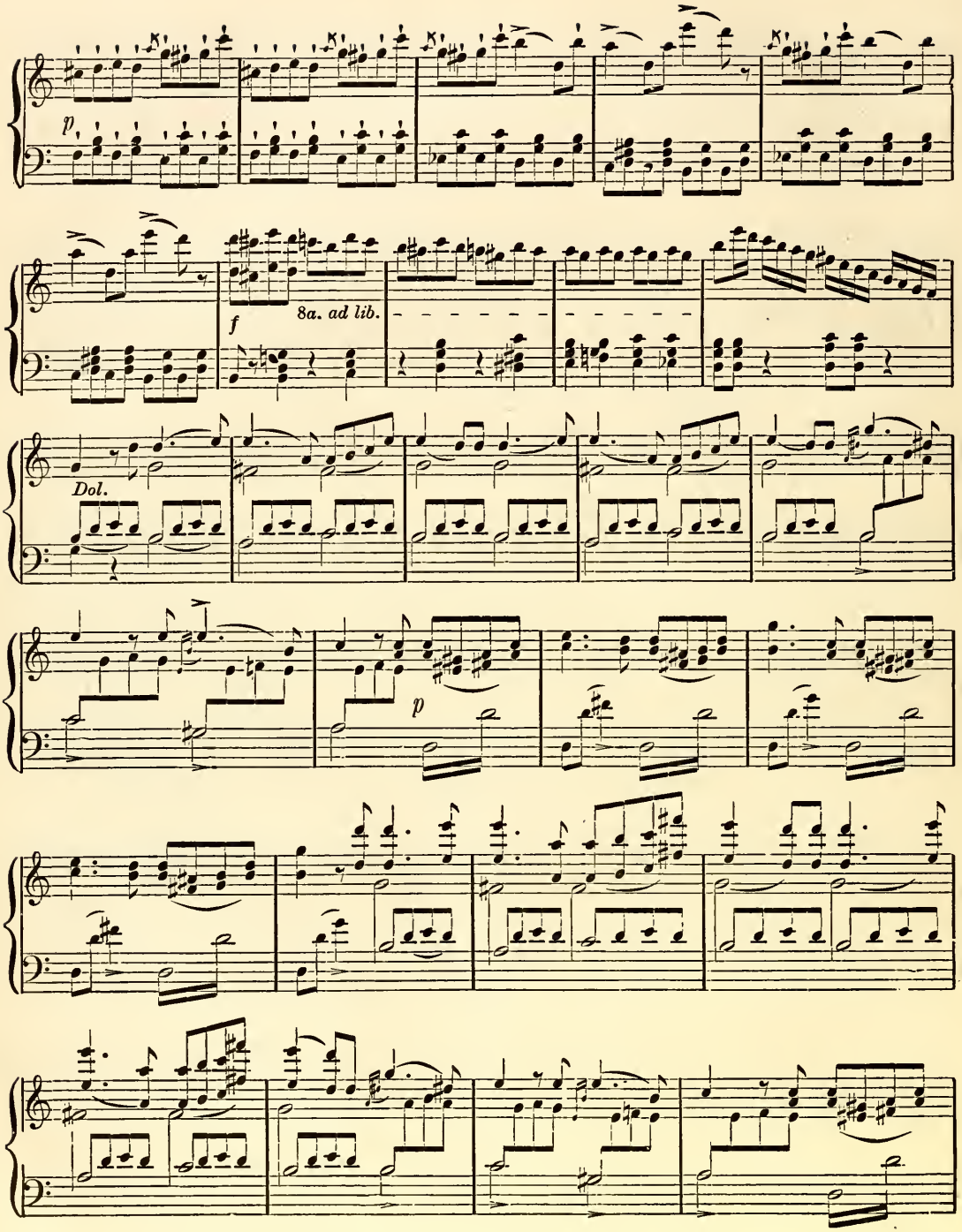
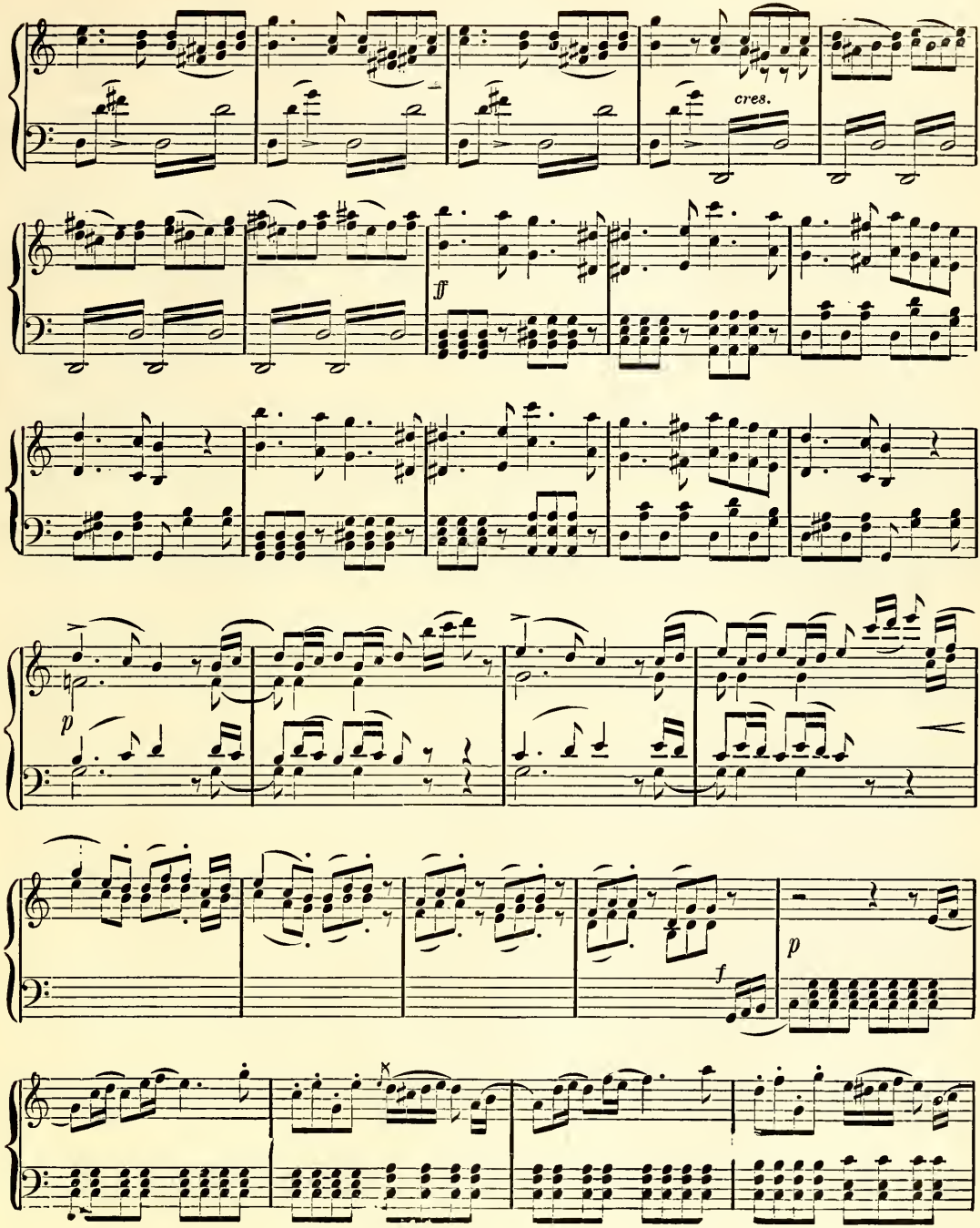

p
f
8a. ad lib.
Dol.
p


cres.
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p
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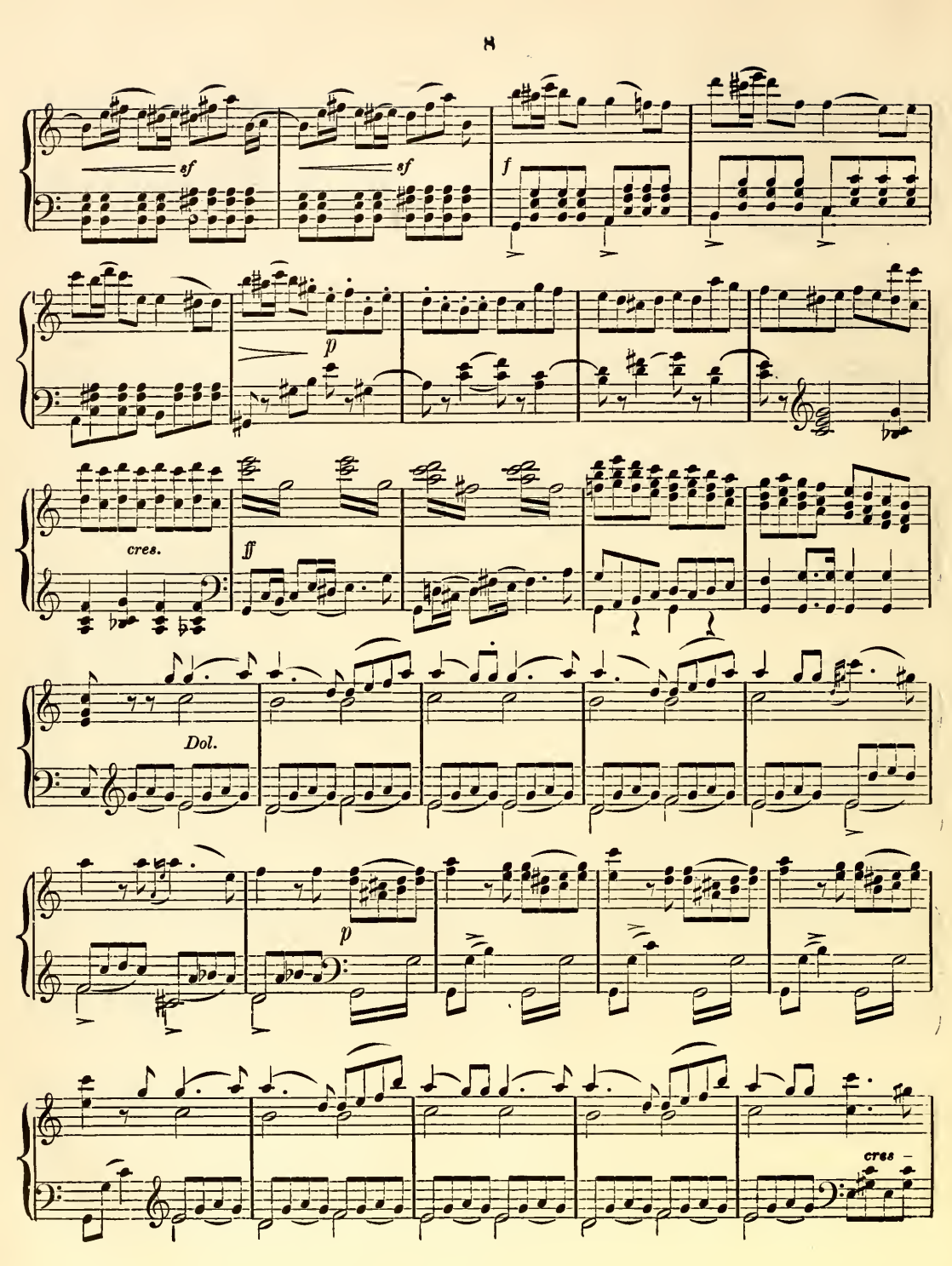
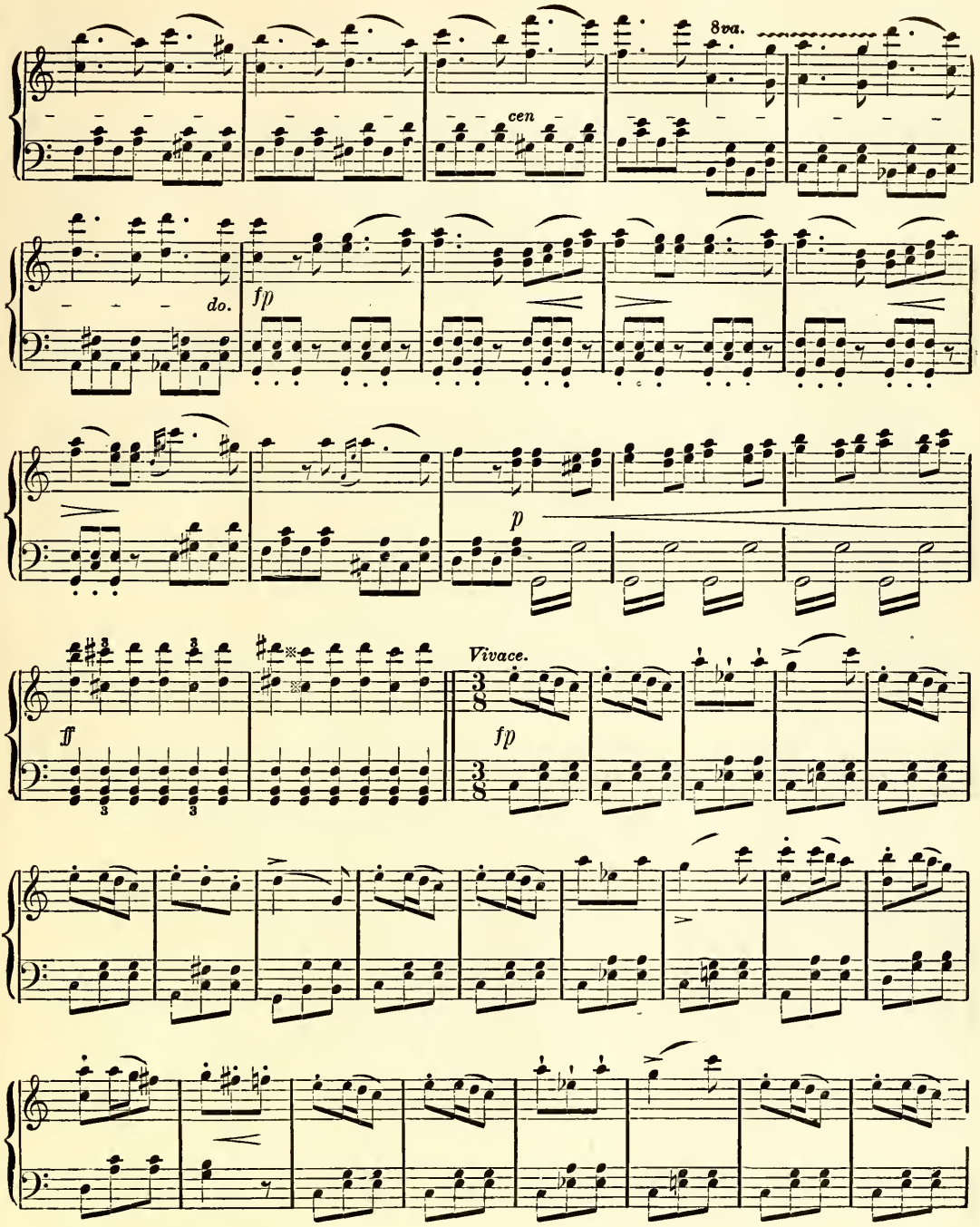
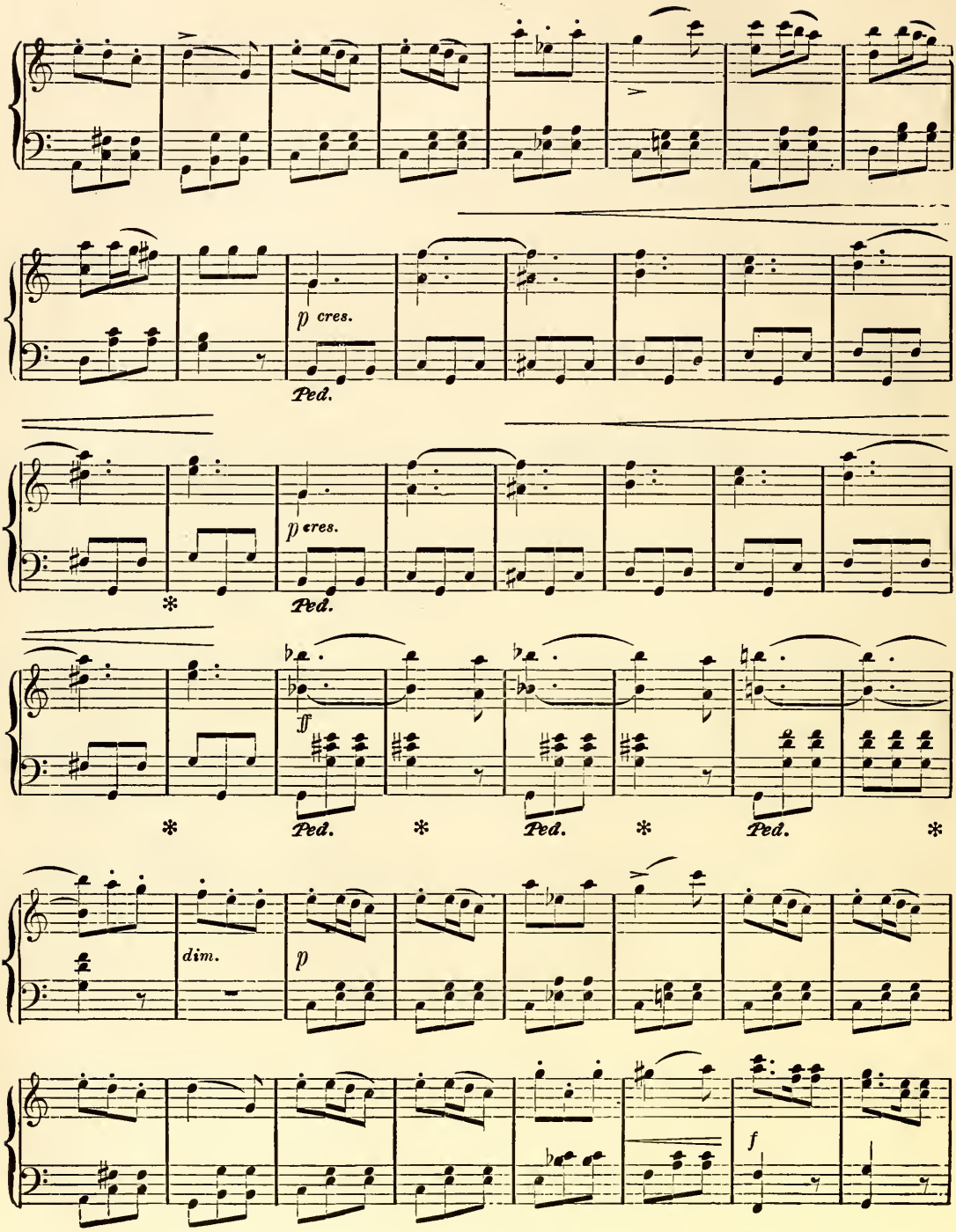
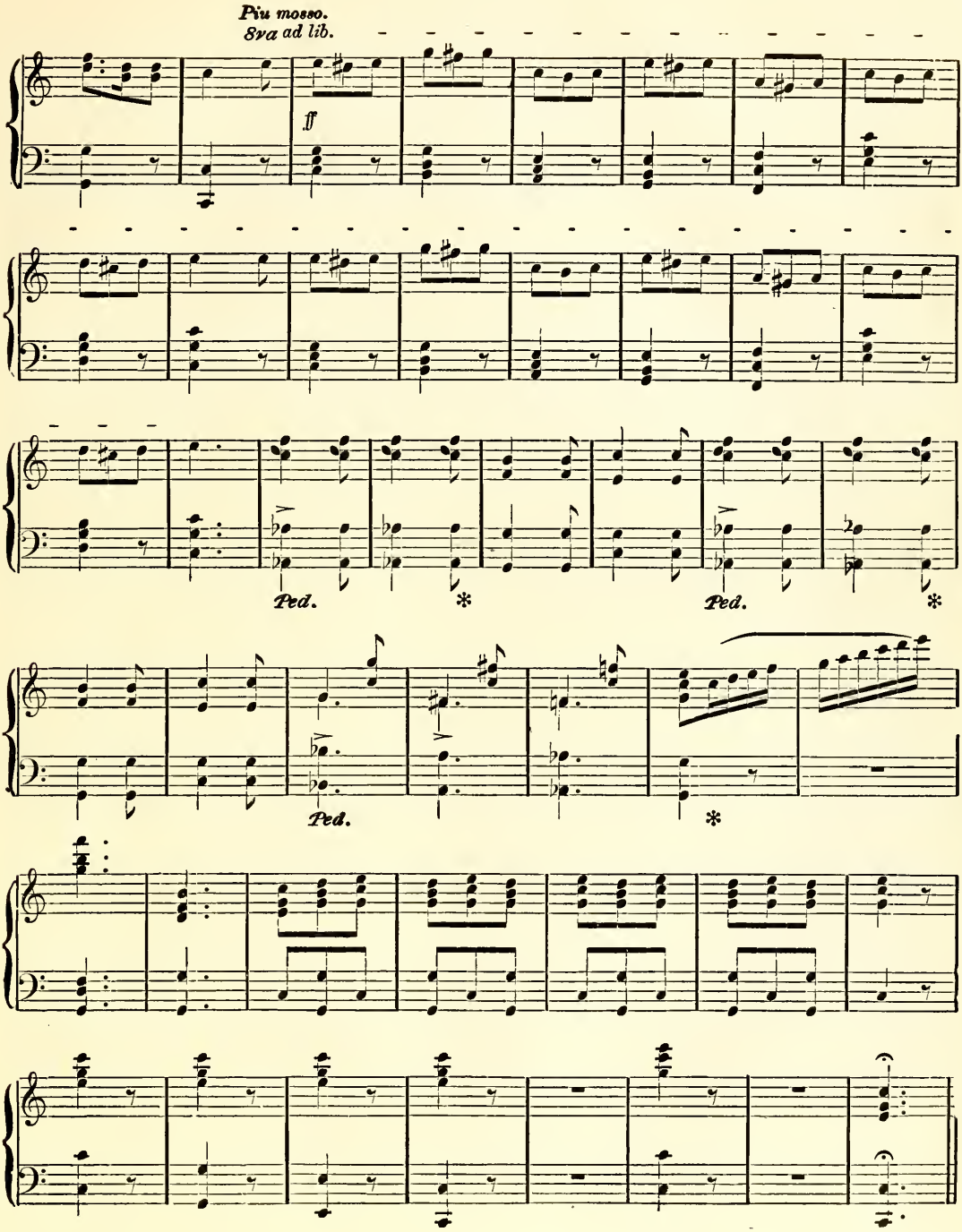

sf
sf
f
p
cres.
ff
Dol.
p
cres -


8va.
cen
do.
fp
p
ff
Vivace.
fp


p cres.
Ped.
p cres.
Ped.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
p
f


Più mosso.
8va ad lib.
ff
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

WAKE! LADY, WAKE.

SERENADE.

SCENE.—*The cabinet of* DOCTOR PARCELSUS.

Andantino.

p

rit.

CARLOS. *behind the Scene.* *f*

1. Wake! la - dy, wake,.... the hour of love is near!
2. Wake, la - dy, wake!.... the night is wa - ning fast!

f

tempo.

sempre staccato.

Wake! la - dy, wake!.. ..... thy lov - er waits thee here. The
Wake, la - dy, wake! ..... the hour will soon be past! Why

moon beams bright - ly in the skies, To show thee to thy lov - er's eyes, Our
do you scorn me, la - dy fair? How can you doom me to des - pair? 'Tis

en - e - my the pry - ing sun, His tire - some course long since hath run, Ah! wake, la - dy
love in - spires my plain - tive strain, 'Tis love a - lone can ease my pain, Ah! wake, la - dy

wake, and rob my heart of care; Wake, la - dy wake, and ease my soul's despair.
wake! I ask one smile from thee! Wake, la - dy wake! and speak of love to me!

The birds of eve now float a - round, And make the air with love resound.

CHORUS.

Tenors.

Wake, la - dy wake, thy lov - er waits thee here, Wake, wake, the hour of love is near.

Bass.

Wake, la - dy, wake, Wake, la - dy, wake,.....

f *p*

Wake, la - dy, wake! the hour of love is near. Wake, la - dy,

Wake, la - dy wake, the hour, the hour of love is near, Wake, la - dy wake, Wake, la - dy,

wake, thy lov - er waits for thee!

wake, thy lov - er waits for thee.

f *p* *f*

* When sung in the Opera go from this sign to the next page, omitting the Symphony.

Vivace. LUCREZIA. (*appearing at her chamber door.*)

A Seren-ade? Who can it be? Some tender swain in love with me?

thee! Wake, la - dy,

Vivace. Sempre Staccato.

pp

ISABELLA. (*appearing at her door.*)

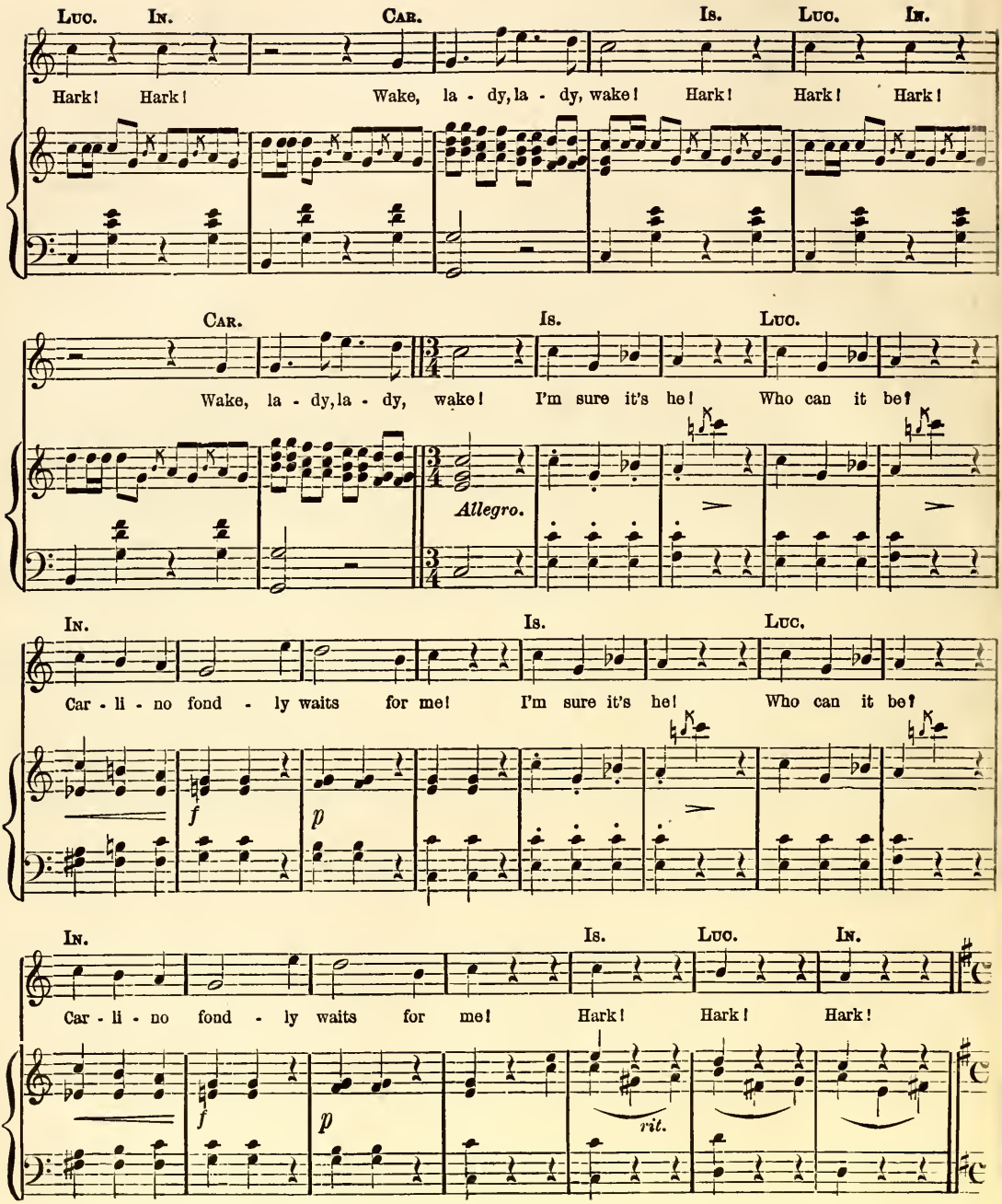
Wake!..... Wake, la - dy, wake! A serenade! Who can it be? The cav-a-

CAR.

-lier, the cav-a-lier who followed me? Wake, la - dy, wake.

INEZ. (*appearing at her door.*) IS.

Wake, la - - dy, wake! A ser-enade! Ah, it is he! Carlino sings and waits for me! Hark!


Luc. In. Car. Is. Luc. In.
Hark! Hark! Wake, la - dy, la - dy, wake! Hark! Hark! Hark!
Car. Is. Luc.
Wake, la - dy, la - dy, wake! I'm sure it's he! Who can it be?
Allegro.
In. Is. Luc.
Car - li - no fond - ly waits for me! I'm sure it's he! Who can it be?
f p
In. Is. Luc. In.
Car - li - no fond - ly waits for me! Hark! Hark! Hark!
f p
rit.

Moderato assai.

Is.

The heav'n is spangled with stars; The night spreads her veil o'er the skies; Concealed by the

Luc.

The heav'n is spangled with stars; The night spreads her veil o'er the skies; Concealed by the

In.

Moderato assai.

pp

darkness from all, My lov - er de - sparingly sighs! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark!

darkness from all, My lov - er de - sparingly sighs! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark!

diminuendo.

presto.

Luc. (*looking from her door.*)

Lucrezia, Inez, *and* Isabella, *enter on tiptoe and approach the window cautiously. As they reach it, they come in contact with each other, and with a cry of alarm rush back to their respective rooms.*

'Twas Is - abella and I - nez!

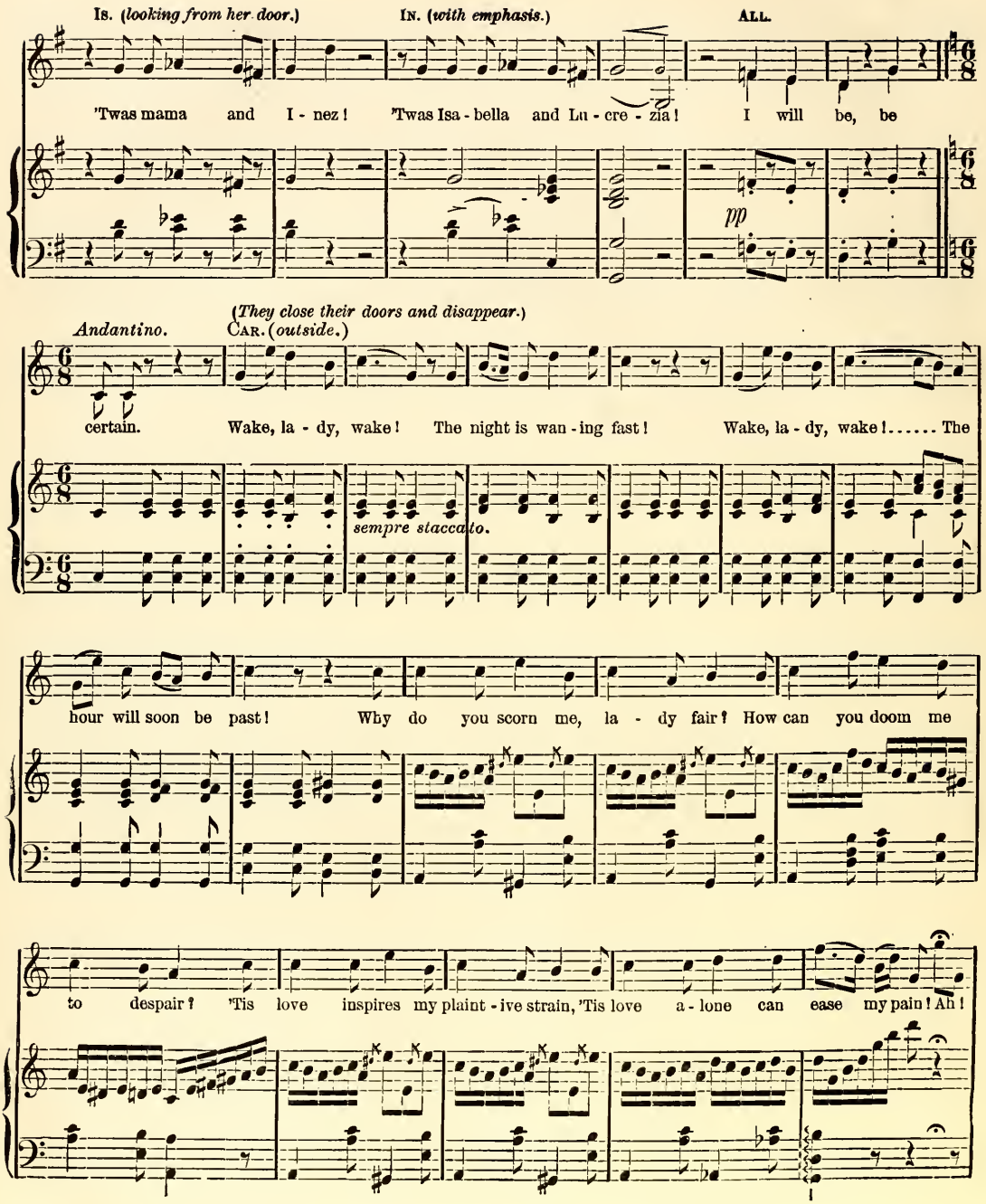
presto.

p

ppp

ff

p


Is. (looking from her door.)
In. (with emphasis.)
All.
'Twas mama and I - nez! 'Twas Isa - bella and Lu - cre - zia! I will be, be
pp
(They close their doors and disappear.)
Andantino.
Car. (outside.)
certain. Wake, la - dy, wake! The night is wan - ing fast! Wake, la - dy, wake!..... The
sempre staccato.
hour will soon be past! Why do you scorn me, la - dy fair? How can you doom me
to despair? 'Tis love inspires my plaint - ive strain, 'Tis love a - lone can ease my pain! Ah!

wake, la - dy wake! I ask one smile from thee! Wake, la - dy, wake! And speak of love to

CAR.

me! The birds of eve now sing around, And make the air with love resound; Wake, la - dy,

CHORUS.

Wake, la - dy, wake! thy lov - er waits thee here! Wake, wake, the hour of love is near.

f

wake! Wake, la - dy, wake! Wake, la - dy, wake!.. ..... The

Wake, la - dy, wake, the hour, the

f

hour of love is near,— Wake, la - dy, wake! Thy.... lov - er waits thee

hour of love is near, Wake, la - dy, wake! Wake, la - dy, wake! Thy lov - er waits for thee.

Vivace. Luc. (*looking forth.*)

here. Again that strain? Ah! it must be Some tender swain in love with

Vivace.

pp

me!

Wake,..... la - - dy, wake!..... Wake, la - - dy, wake!

Is. (*looking forth.*)

Again that voice, Oh! can it be The cav - a - lier, the cav - a - lier who followed me?

Car.

Wake, la - - dy, wake! Wake, la - - dy, wake!

In. (*looking forth.*)

Again those notes! Ah! it is he; Car - li - no sings and waits for me!

Is. Luc. In. Car.

Hark! Hark! Hark! Wake, la - dy, la - - dy, wake!

Is, Lu. In. Car.

Hark! Hark! Hark! Wake,

la - - dy, la - - dy, wake!

(LUCREZIA, ISABELLA, *and* INEZ, *enter cautiously with dark lanterns, and approach the window. They again come in contact, and as they do so, they open the lanterns, and throw a glare of light on each other.*)

dim.

Allegro.

LUC. (*angrily.*)

What means this late in - trusion here?

ff

p

IS. (*embarrassed.*)

I on - ly came to take the air!

LUC. to INEZ. (*with anger.*)

And you speak out, why this sur - prise?

p

IN. (*embarrased.*)

I wanted some light ex - er - cise!

LUC.

At such au hour! I'm not so blind, Some secret

f Is.

yet remains be - hind; I tell you that I don't be - lieve you. And do you

In. (*saucily.*)

And do you

f

think that we'd de - ceive you?

think that we'd de - ceive you?

p

fp

Is. (*innocently.*) Lu. (*embarrassed.*) Is. (*ironically.*) In. (*saucily.*)

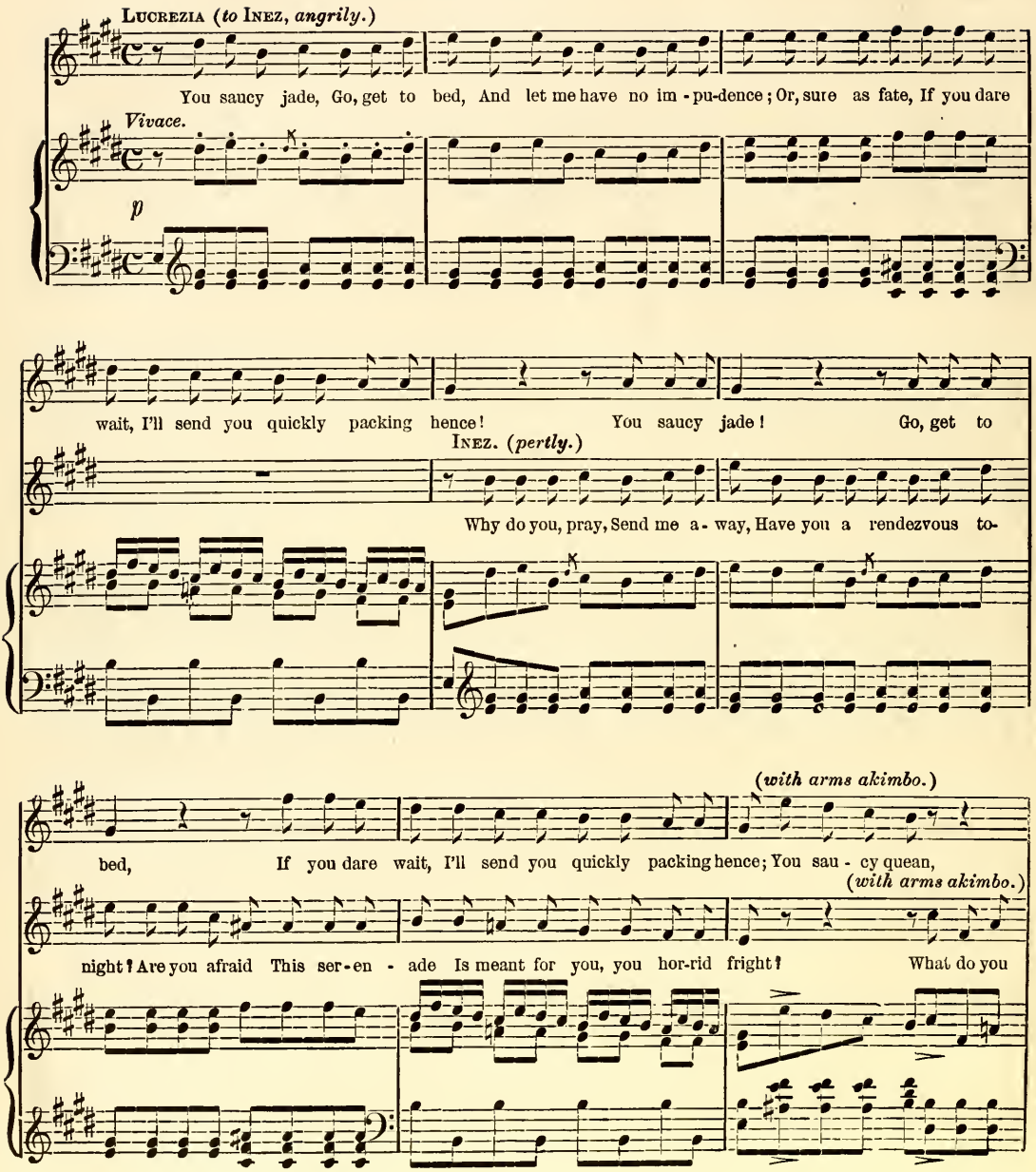
And pray, mama, Why are you here? I heard your voice. Indeed! Oh dear!

fp

f

YOU SAUCY JADE!

QUARREL TRIO.



(*shaking her fist in* INEZ'S *face.*)

You saucy quean, How dare you chatter thus to me? You jade take care, Oh! can such saucy hussies

(*putting her face in* LUCREZIA'S.)

mean? What do you mean? You will not dare! ha! ha! I mean to stay and

cres – – –

be? Oh! can such sau - cy hus - sies be? Oh! can such sau - cy hussies be? Oh! can such sau - cy hussies

see; ha! ha! I meau to stay and see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and

– – *cen* – – – – – – – – – – *do.*

ISABELLA. (*sobbing.*)

Pray, I-nez, pray, your wrath al - lay, I vow your conduct is a shame, Mama; your ire, but adds more

be? You sau - cy jade! You sau-cy jade!

see! You horrid fright! You hor - rid fright! Ha! ha! I mean to stay and

fire, To what is now an angry flame. Pray, I-nez, pray, Your wrath al - lay; I vow your conduct is a

Oh! can such sau - cy hussies be? You saucy jade! You saucy jade!

see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and see! You hor - rid fright! You horrid

shame; Ma-ma, your ire But adds more fire To what is now an an -gry flame; Pray I - nez, pray, your wrath al-

You jade, take care! You jade, take care! Oh, can such sau - cy hus - sies

fright, ha! ha! I mean to stay and see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and

cres.

lay, I vow your con-duct is a shame; Mama, your ire But adds more fire, To what is now an angry

be? Oh! can such sau - cy hussies be? Oh! can such sau - cy hus - sies be? Oh! can such sau - cy hussies

see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and see: ha! ha! I mean to stay and see; ha! ha! I mean to stay and

Presto.

Luc. (*scolding.*)

Is.
flame! You sau - cy jade, Go, get to bed, And let me have no
be?

In. (*laughing.*)

see! Oh! see her storm! She's growing warm! Ha! ha! ha! ha! It's

Presto.

f *mf*

im - pu- dence; Or, sure as fate, If you dare wait, I'll send you quick - ly pack - ing

ve - ry droll! Poor tender maid; This ser- en - ade Has touch'd her dry and frost - y

Is. (*sobbing.*)

What shall I do? Oh, if I knew To whom be - longs this ser - e-nade. A - las! Heigho! One

Luc.

hence! You sau - cy jade, Go get to bed, And let me have no im - pudence, Or sure as fate, If

In.

soul! Ha, see her storm, she's growing warm. Ha, ha, ha, ha! It's ve - ry droll, Poor tender maid,

Car. (*impatiently.*)

Wake, la - dy, wake! Wake, la - dy wake, Wake, la -

Cho. (*outside.*)

Wake, la - dy, wake! Wake, la - dy wake, Wake, la -

piu f

thing I know, I am a poor un - hap - py maid, Oh, oh, oh, oh, Un -

you dare wait, I'll send you quick - ly pack - ing hence. I vow, most shameful - ly, I'm used! Was ev - er

This ser-e -nade, Has touch'd her dry and fros - ty soul. Ha, ha, ha, ha! It's ve - ry droll Ha, ha ha,

- dy, wake, Wake, la - dy, wake!

- dy, wake, Wake, la - dy, wake!

-hap - py maid! My heart is bro - ken, I'm a - fraid.

wo - man so a-bused? I

ha! It's ve - ry droll! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha,

Wake, la - dy, la - - - - dy, wake,

Wake, la - dy, la - - - - dy, wake,

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Un - hap - py maid, My heart is

vow, most shameful - ly, I'm used! Was ev - er wo - man so a - bused!

ha, ha, ha! It's ve - ry droll! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Poor ten - der soul. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Wake, la - dy,

Wake, la - dy,

bro - ken, I'm a - fraid. I am be - trayed, I am be -

Was ev - er wo - man so a -

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! It's ve - ry droll, poor ten - der

la - : - - - dy wake, la - - dy, wake! la - - dy,

la - - - - - dy, wake, la - - dy, wake! la - - dy,

- trayed..... I am..... be - - trayed.

- bused..... so..... ..... a - bused!

soul..... Poor ten - - - - - der soul.

wake! La - - dy, La - - dy, La - - dy, wake.

wake! La - - dy, La - - dy, La - - dy, wake. ... .

Lucrezia. Was ever woman so abused in her own house? Holy Saint Iago, protect me from such another onslaught! But you shan't stay another day in my house.

Inez (*lighting candle on table*) It's too bad if a virtuous girl is to be abused without the privilege of defending herself—all about a paltry serenade too.

Isabella. Inez, pray be quiet. Mamma, control yourself.

Luc. It appears that is all I am allowed to control in this house! (*Goes up to window.*)

Inez. There isn't another maid in all Spain would put up with it; and I'm determined I won't any longer, if I have to live on onions and dry bread for the rest of my existence—carnival days included.

Luc. (*looking out of window*). What do I see? There is a boat almost under our very window. Oh! And that is the cause of all this trouble, is it? Dear me—a serenade must be a very new thing in Spain, to set two silly girls running a race to see which shall be first on the balcony to hear it.

Inez (*aside*). I wonder if she calls herself a girl too!

Isa. You know, mamma, that you were as eager as either of us to listen to it.

Luc. I listen! Hoighty toighty! It's my belief that Miss Inez has a lover in the city, and that she allows him to come here at this hour, in order to bring our house into discredit—nay,—to bring *me* into discredit.

Inez. No Senora! I know my place better. If I am not Donna Lucrezia, wife of Doctor Paracelsus, I am not a brazen huzzy either. This house, indeed, where there is a young girl engaged to be married.

Isa. (*sighing*). Heigho!

Luc. Why how you sigh at the thought of your wedding!

Isa. Indeed I do!

Luc. Why this is heresy! People have been burned for less. Here you have a husband provided for you without the slightest trouble on your part, and yet you are dissatisfied. While it is the business of every girl's life to allure a husband, you object to one when he is already found to your hand.

Inez. Perhaps, madam, if I may be allowed to suggest it, she would prefer the usual trouble, and be better satisfied by choosing for herself.

Luc. Be silent, saucebox! I believe you have corrupted her. (*To Isa.*) Why do you object to your intended? He is one of the richest young men in Madrid, and a thorough gentleman.

Isa A pretty sort of gentlemen he must be to have his wife selected for him!

Luc. That is an especial proof of his trust in you.

Isa. Nonsense! It is an especial proof that he is a fool. Obedience in such a case is no merit.

Inez. So I say. If he had only been disobedient and refused her, she would by this time have been dying to have him.

Luc. Silence, minion! Isabella, a wealthy lover is not to be despised!

Isa. Heigho!

Inez. Heigho!

Luc. (*impatiently*). Always sighing! Go to bed. I'll see when the doctor returns, if he can't work some change in you.

Isa. Change! I *won't* change! I *will* be unhappy!

Inez. Yes, miss, do. Believe me, there is no such happiness for a young girl as misery and despair.

Luc. I see through it all; but let me tell you that you either marry him or go into a convent. What do you mean by objecting to a man whom you have never seen—a man whose name even you don't know? Was there ever such caprice! You have a love for some one else. That is the secret.

Isa. Oh, yes! Such a handsome young man. Of such good family

Luc. How do you know that?

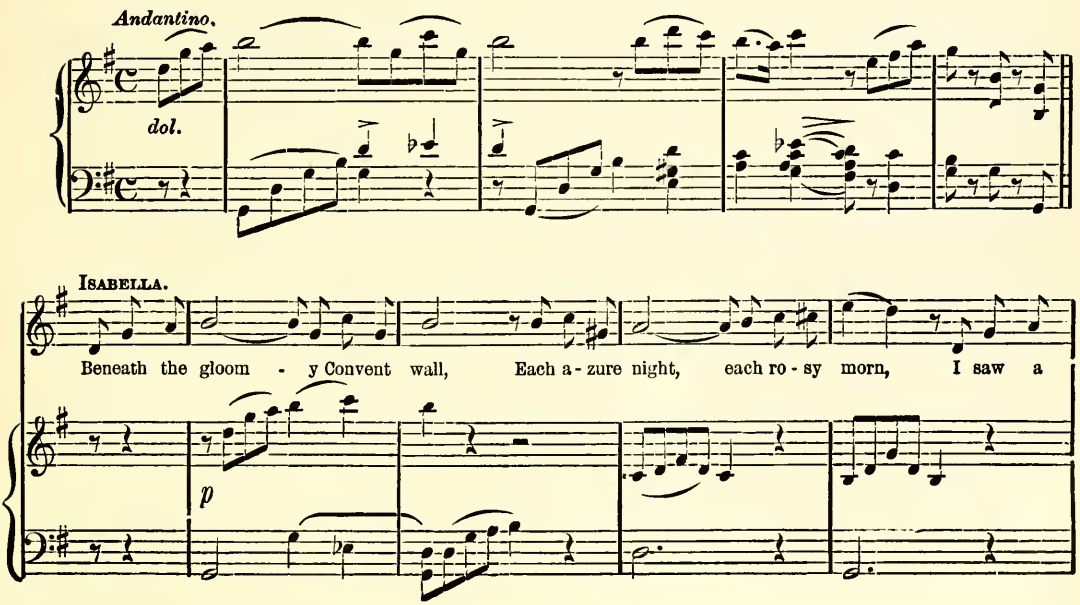
Isa. Because he is so pretty—so sweet—so amiable!

Luc. A pretty code of morals, indeed! You have had much time to learn him, I dare say.

Isa. It was certainly against my intentions, and while I was at the convent. Oh, so sweet, so pretty!

HE STILL WAS THERE.

ROMANZA.



faith - ful shadow fall That filled the air with sighs for - lorn: The night dews

fell o'er him in vain, He feared nor sun - ny sky, nor rain; I seemed to

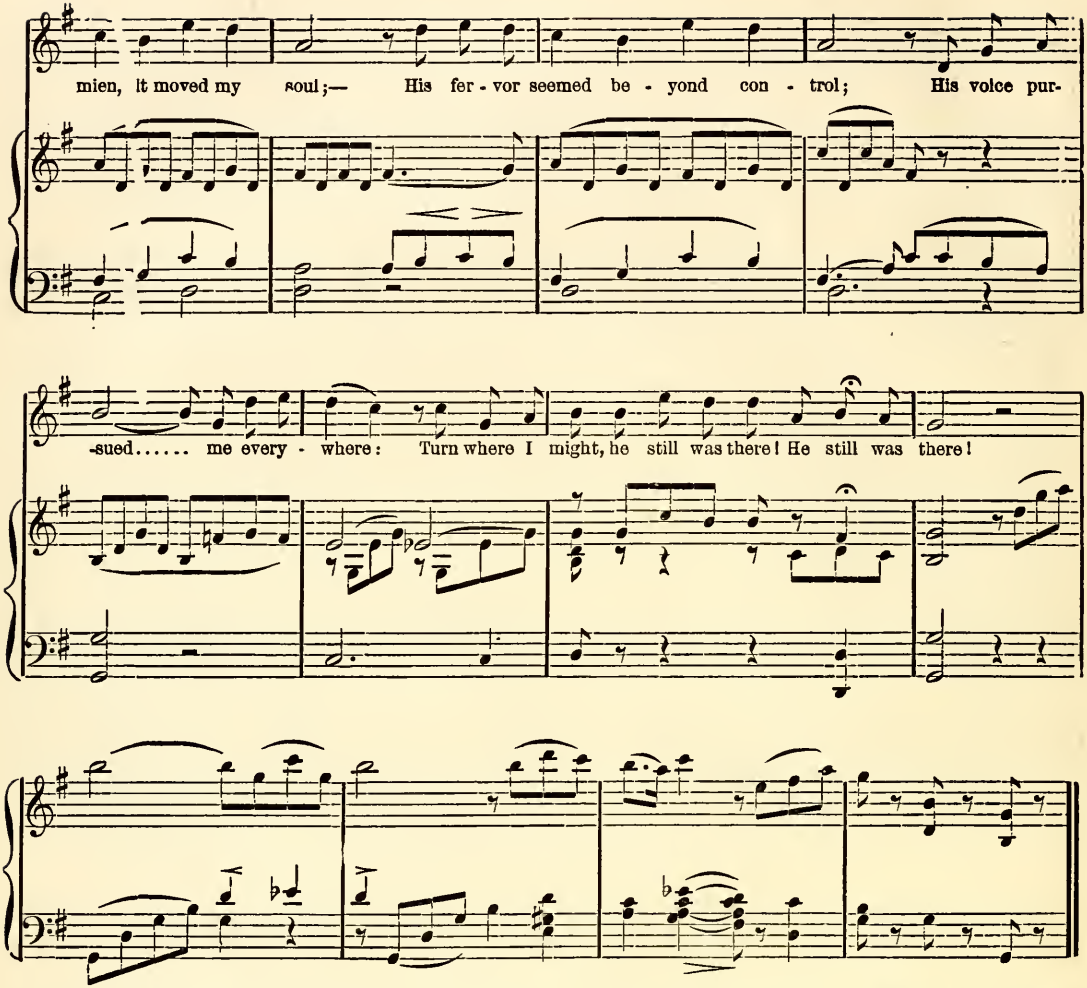
be... .... his on - ly care! Turn where I might, he still was there! He still was there!

His eyes were

like..... the brilliant stars, That night - ly deck..... the sombre sky; His form might

p

pass..... for god - like Mars, And like the zeph - yr was his sigh. So sad his



LUCREZIA (*mimicking*). He still was there! Oh, yes! This comes of your reading Gil Blas and Don Quixote, instead of attending to your studies or telling your beads. Holy Saint Martin! what are we coming to? We shall have the Moors again, since daughters are grown so undutiful.

INEZ. If they come in the form of lovers we shan't want the Cid to shiver a lance in our cause.

ISABELLA (*lackadaisically*). Alas! where are those happy times, when after the *Angelus* each day, I found a perfumed billet in the keyhole of the convent gate?

INEZ (*sighing*). Ah!

LUC. What do I hear? (*Indignantly.*)

ISA. A little billet, which breathed the burning and soul-consuming sentiments of passionate and undying love!

INEZ (*sighing*). Ah!

LUC. I'm petrified!— In a convent too! I almost blush!

ISA. What joy to read them! So tender, so respectful, so diffident, so—so—everything charming! His respect and consideration for me knew no bounds.

LUC. And how did he show it, profligate?

ISA. In his last letter he proposed elopement.

LUC. Very respectful, indeed!

ISA. Yes, and I ought to have accepted it.

INEZ. Now, I call that the height of sincerity.

LUC. What do I hear? I *am* blushing now—I feel it.

ISA. That is love far better than that of a young man I don't know nobody else knows, and whom I don't want to know, and shan't die if I never do know; and who, moreover, is perhaps very ugly I vow I *won't* have him if he be ugly.

LUC. What, miss! Do you dare put conditions to your consent?

ISA. Yes; this one, at least.

LUC. It is downright rebellion.

INEZ. No! It's only a declaration of rights!

(*Enter* DOCTOR PARACELSUS, *with morter and pestle in his hands.*)

DOCTOR'S SONG.

Introduced in the

"Doctor of Alcantara."

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Allegretto.

Isabella.

Here comes the Doc- tor, comes the Doc - - tor.

Tempo di Valse.

Inez.

Here comes the Doc- tor, comes the Doc - - tor.

Lucrezia.

Here comes the Doc- tor, comes the Doc - - tor.

Doctor.

1. Good
2. When
3. I

p

(Doctor *enters.*)

f

p

pp

peo - ple all, be - hold in me A ve - ry pop - u - lar M.

I was young I swept the shop, Of phys - ic, lore, I reaped a

try to please the old and young; By la - dies all my praise is

Copyright, 1879, by O. DITSON & Co.

D.! 'Tis mine to rid you of your ills, With pow - der, po - tion,
crop; I car - ried rouge to la - dies fair, And stuff to dye their
sung. My zeal is hot, my head is cool, "Se - cun - dum ar - tem"

plas - ter, pills, My name is fa - mous, too, in sto - ry, And bleed - ing
love - ly hair. To pick up knowl - edge I was wa - ry, And soon was
that's my rule. Com - pound - ing pills, e - lix - ir, bo - lus, I do as-

f *p*

rit.

is my spe - cial glo - ry! In fact, my pa - tients all a - gree, I
dubbed A - poth - e - ca - ry. And that's the rea - son why, you see, I
-sure you I stand "so - lus." To kill or cure, all's one to me. I

cres. *f* *p*

am the pop - u - lar M. D.! In fact, my pa - tients all a - gree, I
am the pop - u - lar M. D.! And that's the rea - son why, you see, I
am the pop - u - lar M. D.! To kill, or cure — all's one to me, I

cres.

At the places marked —, he strikes the mortar he holds in his hand

am the great, the great M. D.! Stir up the mor - tar, round and round, And

f

with the pes - tle pound, pound, pound, Qui - nine, gamboge — a rousing fee,— I'm the pop - u-

ISABELLA. (*ironically.*)

He is, he is, he is, he is the great M. D., He is, he

INEZ.

He is, he is, he is the great M. D., He is,

LUCREZIA.

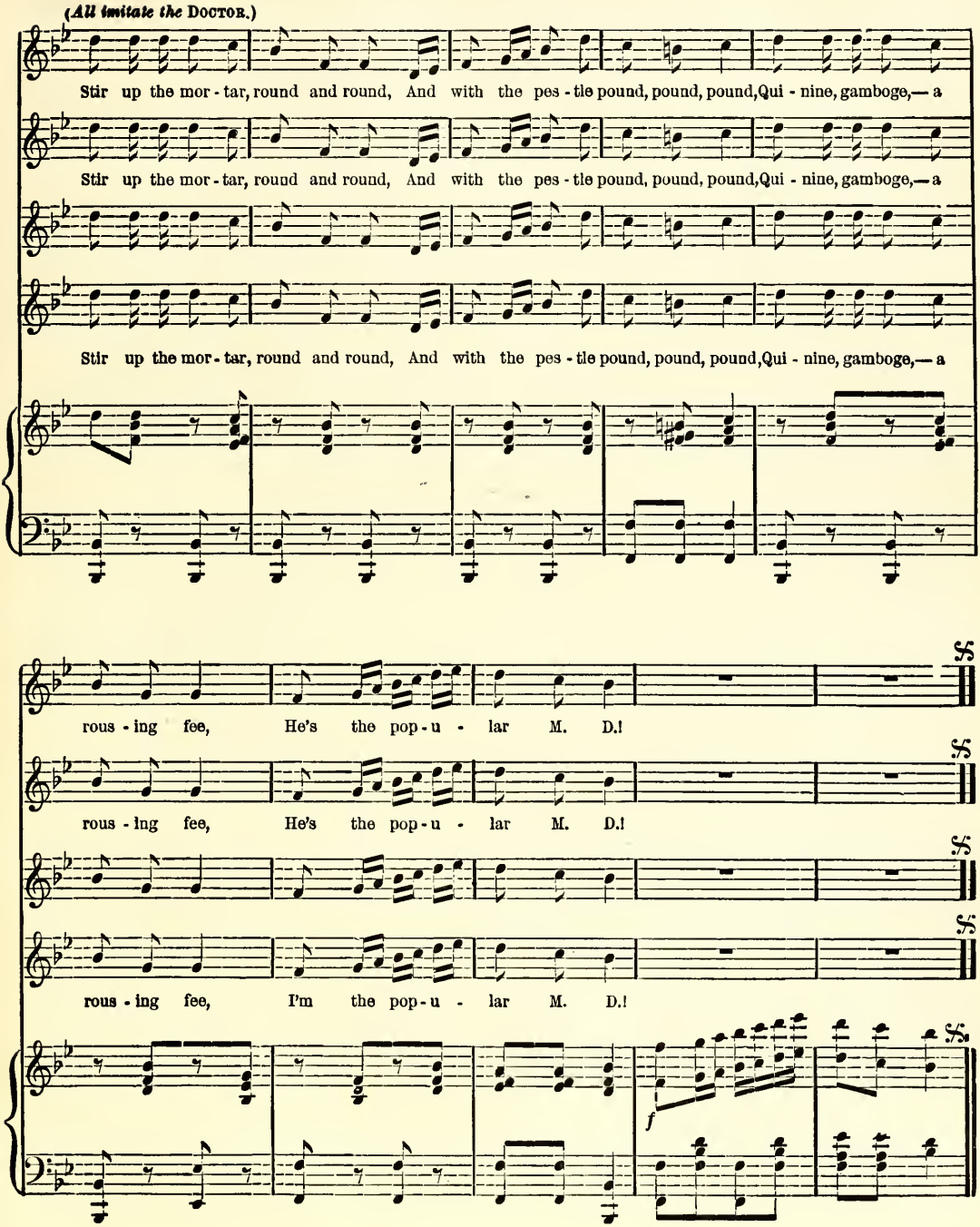
DOCTOR.

-lar M. D. I am, I am, I am the great M. D., I am,

is, he is the great M. D..... .....

he is, he is, he is the great M. D.! He is, he is the great M. D.

I am, the great M. D.! The great M. D.


(All imitate the Doctor.)
Stir up the mor - tar, round and round, And with the pes - tle pound, pound, pound, Qui - nine, gamboge,— a
Stir up the mor - tar, round and round, And with the pes - tle pound, pound, pound, Qui - nine, gamboge,— a
Stir up the mor - tar, round and round, And with the pes - tle pound, pound, pound, Qui - nine, gamboge,— a
rous - ing fee, He's the pop - u - lar M. D.!
rous - ing fee, He's the pop - u - lar M. D.!
rous - ing fee, I'm the pop - u - lar M. D.!
f

LUC. Ah! At last you are returned. Come here, let me tell you what I have just heard.

ISA. My dear sir, I will explain. There has been a serenade here—

LUC. Never mind the serenade. Repeat what you have said to me. You shall hear, Doctor.

DOCT. Yes, I hear. (*Becoming deeply absorbed in his bottle.*) Two ounces of white laudanum, and an ounce of distilled lettuce. Yes!

LUC. (*to* ISABELLA.) Well, my lady! Are you ready? Have you done with this indecision?

ISA. Yes, I *am* decided! I say whatever I am forced to do, my feelings will remain the same. I will be faithful to this hateful intended as—as—long as I can.

INEZ. And a very short time at that!

LUC. There! Did you hear that, Doctor?

DOCT. (*absently*). Yes! That was not very bad. As long as she can. He can't expect more than that. (*Becomes absorbed again in his bottle.*) One scruple of inspissated juice of cabbage, and three grains of clarified tallow fat.

LUC. But do you know what all this trouble is about?

DOCT. About a young man she is to marry.

LUC. Oh, no! Not at all.

INEZ. Nothing like it.

LUC. Silence, minx! It is of a young man she has seen at Seville, and whom she loves.

DOCT. Ha! (*Angrily.*) Then she will—(*becomesabsorbed.*) Aconite, arsenic, nux vomica, prussic acid! I am a afraid I have put a little too much sleep into it for a comfortable sleeping draught. Oh, if I should have made it a poison instead! (*Puts bottle on table.*)

LUC. (*angrily*). What! Is this all you have to say? A pretty fellow you are to have command of a house. What would become of you if I were dead and gone?

DOCT. (*absently*). I don't know, my dear. You never tried the experiment.

LUC. Bah! Those filthy drugs are all you are fit for.

DOCT. We live by them, my dear.

LUC. Yes, and others die by them. I wish I was rid of them!

DOCT. (*innocently*). Wouldn't you like to try my sleeping draught, my dear?

LUC. Bah! You're a brute. (*To* ISA.) As for you, miss, keep your feelings to yourself. Your romance and obstinacy won't do with me in future. I will knock them out of you without any assistance. And you, you minx! (*To* INEZ.)

INEZ. Ah! now it's my turn.

LUC. I only want examplary people about me; so I give you fair warning. At the first sign of an intrigue on your part, you go!

INEZ. Intrigue! Holy Saint Martin, and the ghosts of the Moors coes in the Alhambra! There is not a more discreet girl in all Spain than I am!

LUC. I don't want discretion.

DOCT. No she doesn't. (*Looking angrily at* INEZ.)

LUC. I want honesty.

DOCT. (*innocently*). Very much!

LUC. (*going*). Now, mind! (*To* DOCTOR.) Ugh! You senseless, drug-compounding, villianously stupid, mentally imbecile quack! (*Exit* LUCREZIA, *angrily.*)

DOCT. (*vacantly*). Quack!

INEZ (*astonished*). Quack!

ISA. (*sobbing*).) Quack!

OMNES. Quack!

DOCT. She is not in good temper to-night. (*Goes to cabinet.*)

INEZ. Oh, miss! If that should be your lover, who has discovered where you live!

ISA. Do you think he has, Inez?

INEZ. Indeed I do.

DOCT. (*standing on chair and arranging objects in cabinet*). Inez, will you hand me the flacon on yonder table?

INEZ. (*paying no attention*). Is he really so fine and gallant a young senor as you say?

ISA. Oh, yes, Inez! Words cannot describe his many perfections! Oh, if I am forced into this marriage it will kill me!

INEZ. Then don't be forced into it. Kill yourself before hand!

DOCT. (*as before*). Inez, will you hand me that flacon?

INEZ. I wouldn't marry a man I didn't love for all the parents in the world. As for taxing me with intrigue, I vow, I wouldn't look in the face of a young man,—especially if there wasn't one near me. (*Knock heard at door.*)

DOCT. (*still in chair*). I believe there is some one knocking at the door, Inez.

INEZ. We all have our troubles, miss.

ISA. I hope you and Carlino agree.

INEZ. Oh, yes, miss. We agree very well, but we are not good friends. There is a miff between Carlino and myself, which forbids an approach on either side. (*Knock heard again.*)

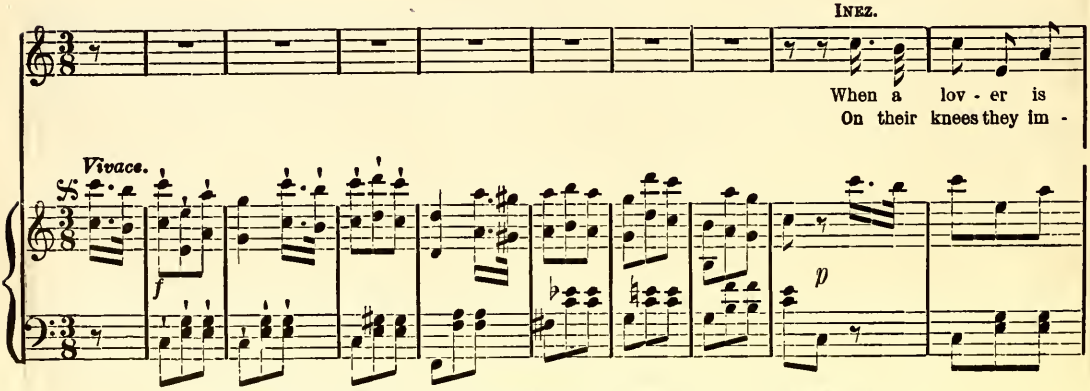
DOCT. (*aside*). I believe she hasn't opened the door yet. I had better do it myself. (*Exit* DOCTOR.)

ISA. What! Have you and Carlino quarrelled?

INEZ. Yes, miss! He came into money, and from a water-carrier has aspired to be a candy merchant with two mules. The monster is going to eat up his inheritance without me! Oh, miss, the men are all alike!

WHEN A LOVER IS POOR.*

ARIETTE.



* *Instead of this piece, the "Favorite Mazurka," may be sung.* *See appendix, page* 138.

poor, He can tru - ly a - dore; Then, his sighs and his vows are all hon - est and true; He calls
- plore, On their knees they a - dore; And our poor lit - tle hearts are soon moved to be - lieve; So we

heav - en and earth, To give proof of his worth, And a - gainst this, pray tell what a poor maid can
hear their ap - peal, For their an - guish we feel, But, they win our com - pas - sion, a - las! to de -

do? But let for - tune once smile, And his love proves all guile; No more dare you
- ceive.—I have guard - ed my heart Against love's poi - son'd dart, No more to that

pp

trust to a word he can say; For as sure as you're born, You will find his fire gone. Love,
spot can his barb find a way; And I warn you take heed, Of my words at your need. Love,

pp

1o. *S*

burthen'd with mon - ey, Will die in a day! Love, burthen'd with money, Will die in a day!

S

2o. *Allegro.*

day.

f

marcato.

cres.

ff

AWAY, DESPAIR!

DUETTINO.

Andantino.

ISABELLA.

A - way, des - pair! for - ev - - er van - ish; Bright - er

dol.

INEZ.

dreams shall fill.... my heart: Sor - - row from your bo - - som

ISABELLA.

ban - ish, Bid pale care ... at once.... de - part! Ah,.... how

p

INEZ.

few.... are hap - - py mo - - ments! Let us seize them while we

ISABELLA.

cres. *f* *p*

Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep tor - - ments, One.... bright

INEZ.

may. Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep tor - - ments, One.... bright

p *cres.* *f* *f*

cres.

mo - - ment drives a - way! Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep

mo - - ment drives a - way! Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep

p cres.

p *rit.*

tor - - ments, One.... bright mo - - ment drives a - way, A -

tor - - ments, One.... bright mo - - ment drives a - way, A - way, a - way, de -

f *p* *rit.*

- way, a - way, de - spair! A - way, a - way, de - spair! for - ev - er van - -

- spair! A - way, a - way, de - spair! de - spair! for - ev - er van - -

cres.

- ish, for e'er, for e'er; A - way, a - way, a - way, de - spair! A -

- ish, for e'er, for e'er; A - way, a - way, de - spair! A - way, a - way, de -

p

- way, a - way, de - spair! for - ev - - er van - ish, for e'er, for e'er a - way!

- spair! de - spair! for - ev - - er van - - ish, for e'er, for e'er a - way!

ISABELLA.

A - way, des - pair! for - ev - - er van - ish; Bright - er

dol.

INEZ.

dreams shall fill.... my heart: Sor - - row from your bo - - som

ISABELLA.

ban - ish, Bid pale care ... at once.... de - part! Ah,.... how

p

INEZ.

few.... are hap - - py mo - - ments! Let us seize them while we

ISABELLA. *cres.* *f* *p*

Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep tor - - ments, One.... bright

INEZ.

may. Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep tor - - ments, One.... bright

p *cres.* *f* *p*

cres.

mo - - ment drives a - way! Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep

mo - - ment drives a - way! Ah! how ma - - ny heart - deep

p cres.

p *rit.*

tor - - ments, One.... bright mo - - ment drives a - way.

tor - - ments, One.... bright mo - - ment drives a - way.

f *p* *rit.* *dol.*

rit.

Inez. Alas, yes, miss! Would you believe it, that hateful Carlino has not as much as sent me a paper of candies, the heretic Saracen that he is.

(*Enter* Doctor *with* Perez *and* Sancho, *who carry a large basket.*)

Doctor. Inez!

Inez. Doctor!

Doct. There is something for you, my child

Inez. For me?

Perez. Yes, for you. (*Winks at* Inez, *and stands preternaturally solemn.*)

Doct. Yes, these men have brought it.

Perez. Ay!

Sancho. Yes. (*They grimace at* Inez *without moving.*)

Isa. Gracious! What do they mean!

Perez (*poking his tongue mysteriously in his cheek*). Inez!

Sancho (*chuckling, and winking his eye*). Inez! Yes.

Inez. Well?

Perez. For you, Inez. This. All right. Hush!

Inez. What is it?

Sancho. Nothing. A bijou. The second house on the right hand side.

Perez. Yes; overlooking the river.

Inez. From whom does it come?

Perez. From him. For you. (*Winking his eye.*)

Sancho. Confections. It is a little bouquet of candies.

Inez. Candies? Oh, it is from Carlino.

Isa. (*sighing*). Heigho! You see he has not forgotten you!

Doct. Who is this Carlino, Inez?

Inez. Why—Carlino.—It—comes from Carlino.

Doct. Oh, yes. I don't know who Carlino is, but I'm glad it s from him. (*To Porters.*) Is there anything more?

Perez. This billet. (*Shows letter.*)

Doct. (*taking letter*). A billet.

Inez (*seizing letter from* Doctor). Yes, for me. Isabella, read it for me. (*Gives it to* Isabella.)

Doct. Yes, my child. Do.

Inez. Anything else?

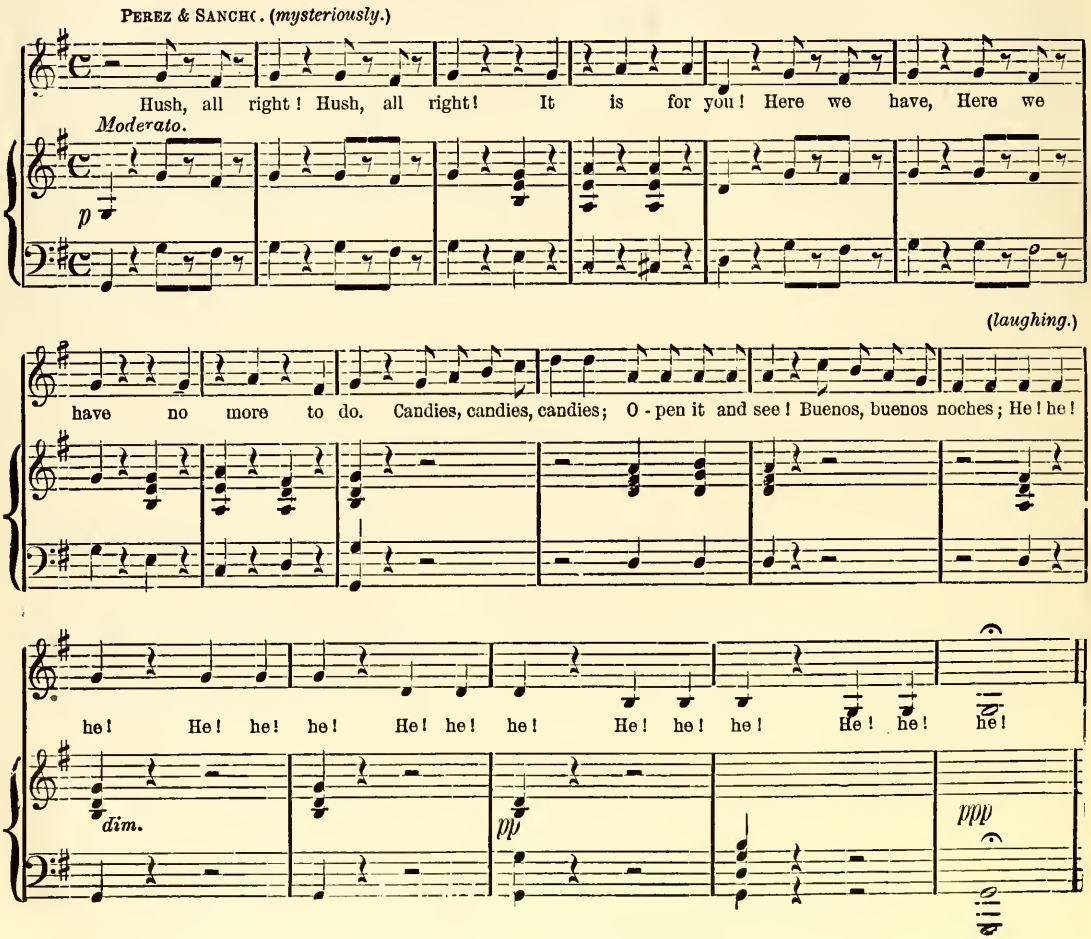
Perez. No.

Inez (*taking* Doctor's *purse from his pocket and throwing to Porters*). Take this, and go.

Doct. Haven't you mistaken the pocket, Inez? That is my purse

Inez. So it is! Never mind.

BUENOS NOCHES.



Let us go! Let us go! Our er - rand's done! He! he! he! He! he!

p

(*laughing.*)

he! Don't mind our fun! Candies, candies, candies; O - pen it and see! Buenos, buenos noches; He! he!

he! He! he! he! He! he! he! He! he! he! He! he! he!

dim. *pp* *ppp*

(*they laugh solemnly.*)
(*Exeunt* PEREZ *and* SANCHO.)

DOC. Those are very strange men. There is some mystery here,
INEZ. I think so too. Let us open the basket. [Inez.
ISA. (*aside to Inez.*) This billet is for me.
INEZ. Indeed! Retire to your room and read it.
DOC. (*trying to open lid of basket.*) What can it be?
ISA. (*to Inez.*) Come with me, Inez, while I read it. I may need your advice. (*going.*)
DOC. Where are you going?
INEZ. I heard Donna Lucrezia call us: we will return instantly
DOC. Do, Inez. I am quite curious to know what Carolino has sent you. (*Exeunt* INEZ *and* ISABELLA.) What the deuce can be in the basket? What a remarkably unfeminine female Inez is! She has no curiosity. Well, I am not so philosophical. (*tries to open basket.*) It won't come open. Never mind. When she returns she will certainly wish to see the contents; so I'll go and get a knife to cut the fastenings. What can it be? I hope it's sausages flavored with garlic. Inez is generous, and I am very fond of them. (*Exit.*) (CARLOS *lifts the lid of basket and looks around. He suddenly closes it again.*)

LOVE'S CRUEL DART.*

CAVATINA.

Carlos lifts the lid. (looks around and shuts the lid.) *Andante.*

Carlos gets out of the basket.

p f p p

CARLOS.

Love's cru - el dart hath to my heart Its passage found; It spurns con - trol, and robes my soul in grief profound, Oh! can there be no hope for me Her smiles to gain! Her smiles to

* *Instead of this, the Song "Day Dreams of Love," is often sung.* *See appendix, page* 135

- gain? Oh! must she still my bosom fill And cold re - main? The

p

feath - ered throng whose joyous song Floats thro' the grove, Have each their mate, but 'tis my fate In

p

vain to love!..... Heigh ho!

f *p*

Oh! wilt thou not un - to my lot Give some re - lief? Oh! must I sigh un - til I

p

die Of love lorn grief? Should love like mine, in vain repine, And rend me still? And rend me

still? While anx - - ious care and blank despair My bo - som chill? The

p

feath - ered throng whose joyous song Floats thro' the grove, Have each their mate, but 'tis my fate In

p

vain to love!..... Heigh ho!

f *p*

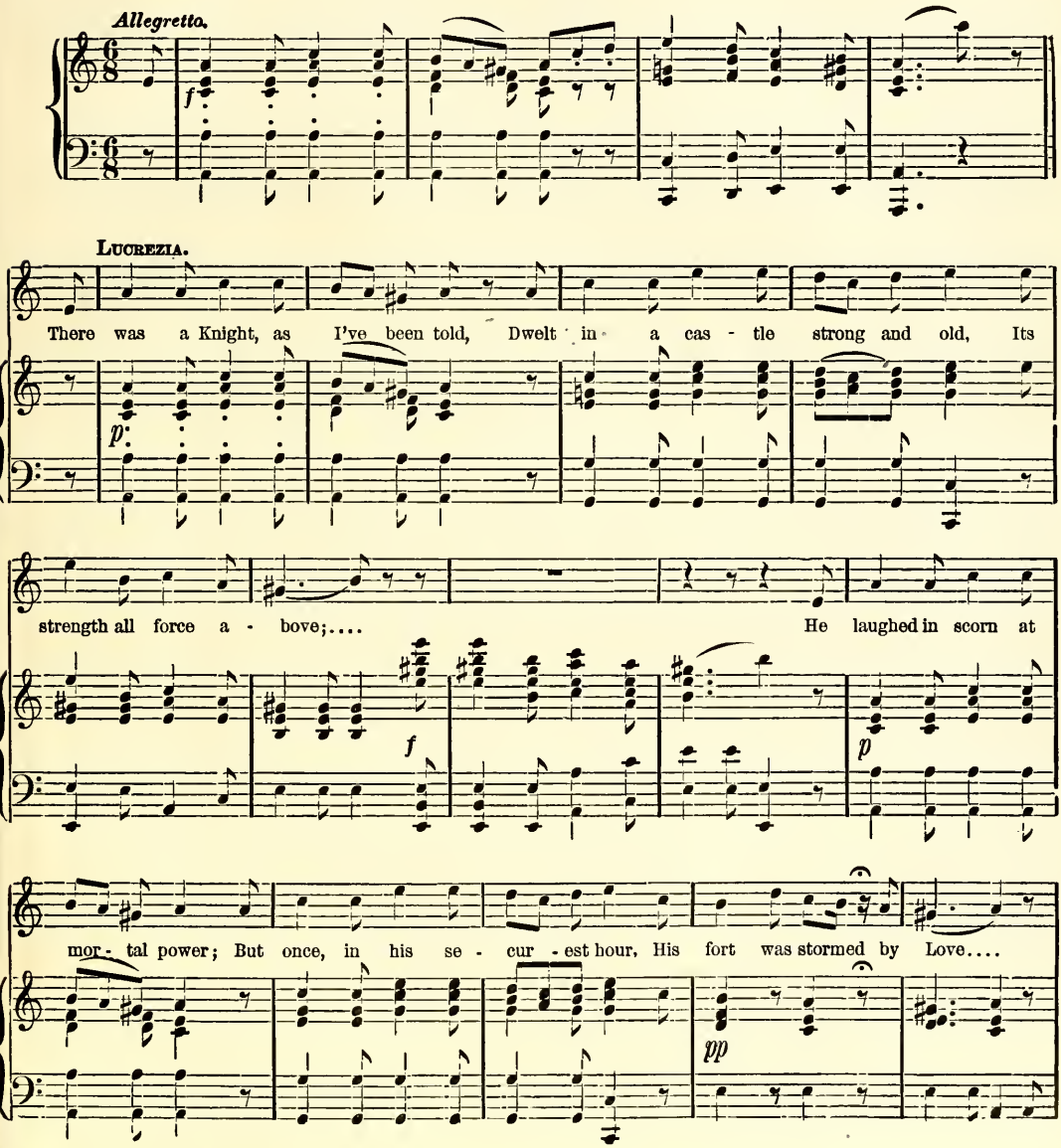
Car. Ah, some one comes! Perhaps it is she. I will conceal myself again, and wait the auspicious chance. (*Lies down in the basket and closes the lid. Enter* Lucrezia.)

Luc. Inez! Inez! Where has the minx gone? For whom could that serenade have been? Heigho! I fear some giddy swain, careless of his life and honor, has become charmed with me, and thus risks both the one and the other. Well, well; though I condemn, I am bound to pity him. Thank the saints that age has not robbed my heart of its purity or its principles.

THE KNIGHT OF ALCANTARA.

BALLAD.

Allegretto.



Tra.... la.... la.... la.... His fort was storm'd by Love! Tra.... la....

rf *dim.* *p* *rf* *dim.*

Piu Lento.

la.... la ... His fort was storm'd by Love! Oh! Knight of Al - can - ta - - ra, No

p *marcato.* *p*

long - er waves your crest, Your sword and spurs lie rust - - ing, Your lance, too is at

mf

rest. Tra.... la.... la.... la.... Your lance, too, is at rest.....

rf *dim.* *p*

Tra.... la.... la.... la,.... Your lance, too, is at rest! Gone is the day of

mf *dim.* *p*

chi - val - ry From out this hap - less, hap - less land, Gone is the day when "La - dye fayre," With

fan and glove in hand, Could win her gal - lant chev - a - lier, To dance the Sar - a- -

piu f *p*

Tempo di Sarabanda.

band. *(Dances.)* My heart leaps

f *pp*

backward with the strain, And oh! I feel I'm young a- gain. My heart leaps backward

with the strain, And oh! I feel I'm young a - gain, I'm young a- gain, young a gain.

cres.

O gay and gal - lant chev - a lier, Who nev - er knew what 'twas to fear, Bold

p

Al - can - ta - ra's Knight. A - las for you chi-

f *p*

- val - rous youth; Too late you learned the sor - ry truth, 'Tis vain 'gainst Love to fight....

pp

Tra.... la.... la.... la.... 'Tis vain 'gainst Love to fight! Tra.... la....

rf *dim.* *p* *rf* *dim.*

la.... la.... 'Tis vain 'gainst Love to fight, 'gainst Love to fight, 'gainst

p *cres.*

Love to fight.

ff

LUCRESIA. Where can that young man have gone? Perhaps he has drowned himself in despair at my coldness. (*sees basket.*) What is this? (*raises lid.*) A man! What do you want, sir? Don't come near me, or I'll scream. Who are you?

CAR. Señora! Hear me speak. (*coming from basket.*)
LUC. I won't. Go away. Who are you? What do you want? What is your business here?

I LOVE, I LOVE!

DUETTINO.

CARLOS.
Allegro con moto.

I love, I love! This is my song by night and day! I love, I love! No pow'r is greater than love's sway; I love! I love! I love! I love! 'Tis de-li-ri-um ex-treme; 'Tis a phanta-sy su-preme; 'Tis an ag-o-ny ca-pricious, And a sky-born joy de-licious! I love! I love! The clouds a-

ff *p*

(With fervor.)

- bove.... do not the sun more faith- ful - ly o - bey,.... Than I love's sway, than I love's

sway, By night and day, by day and night, Here in my heart he rules by

might. I love, I love! This is my song by day and night. I love, I love! Naught is greater than love's

f *rall.*

LUCREZIA. CARLOS.

sway. Why in this basket? Can you

p leggiero.

(With Affectation.)

ask it? While love has his full con - trol, While he thus doth sway my

LUC. CARL. LUC. CARL.

soul? But—Oh, pray don't in - ter - fere; I have told you why I'm here. No in - deed, sir! Is that

LUC. CARL. *(drawing her nearer.)*

so? Yes, and I at once must know. List - en then; pay all at - tention; Why I'm here I now will

fp

(Very passionately.)

rall.

mention! I love, I love! This is my song, by night and day, I love, I love! Naught is greater than love's

fp *f* *rall.*

LUCREZIA. *(aside.)*

Poor youth! he's doom'd to love in vain, I dare not ease his bos - om's pain. He loves, he

CARLOS. *(With fervor.)*

sway. I love, I love, I love! 'Tis an ag - o - ny de-

p Leggiero.

loves, he loves! Poor youth, he's doom'd to love in vain, I dare not ease his bosom's

- li - cious; 'Tis a joy and woe ca - pricious. I love, I love, I love!

pain. He loves, he loves, he loves! Pray tell me, sir, the sto- ry of your

'Tis an ag - o - ny de - licious,'Tis a joy and woe ca- pricious.

woe. .....

(Mysteriously.)

I will, I will; 'tis fit that you should know! List - en then, pay all at-

8va

pp

He loves! he loves!

(Very passionately.)

- tention; Why I'm here I now will mention. I love, I love! This is my song by

8va

f

he loves! he loves! he loves! he loves! he loves! he

night and day I love, I love! Naught is greater than love's sway. I love! I

loves, He..... loves!

love, I..... love!

ff

LUC. What a fine young cavalier! Sir, do you know that you have done very wrong to enter here?

CAR. Yes, Senora. I know it, but I am a tender and sweet young flower of nature, whose heart is a bed of summer roses, wherein the honey yet remains ungathered.

LUC. Oh, Senor, how beautiful and soft!

CAR. The summer clouds flit not across the bosom of the sky with greater lightness, than love o'er my heart. Oh, Senora, I adore, I love, I venerate. I worship a person in this house! You will, I am sure, excuse my delicacy, when I forbear to mention her name. You may easily guess who it is, when I tell you she is beautiful.

LUC. (*crossing*). Oh, he must mean me.

CAR. (*affectedly*). The honeysuckle on its pendulous stem, the little humming-bird sipping sweets from the tender flowers under the golden sky of an Italian autumn, are not more chaste and tender than my love.

LUC. Oh, Senor, I must not listen to this—at least, not just now. You know not the danger you run.

CAR. Danger? Who would harm the tender butterfly that spreads his tinted wings to the balmy air of autumn? No, Senora.

LUC. I beseech you, not now. Some other time—some other place. Some one approaches. Oh, sir, retire!

CAR. What! Into that basket again? Oh, Senora,—Senorita—Senoritissima! Ask not that. All the saints in the calendar, and the aching bones in my body, cry out against it. Those porters were very kind fellows, but they bumped me unmercifully. I love, Senora, send me not away in despair. Oh, first cut my throat with a pearl-handled penknife, and send my bleeding corpse away, a sacrifice to my overpowering and unhappy love.

LUC. Oh, Senor! Should my husband return—. Consider—get in.

CAR. (*with one foot in basket*). Why do you give me so cruel an alternative? I who love so purely, so warmly, so divinely! (*Getting out of the basket.*) Senora, have you ever read the story of Prince Camaralzaman in the Arabian Nights?

LUC. If you delay longer I'll scream!

CAR. Oh, don't scream! The delicate organization of my cloud-soaring soul will not allow me to survive it. (*Gets in basket.*)

LUC. (*shutting lid on him*). Oh, the imprudent young man!

CAR. (*rising in basket*). But——

LUC. (*shutting lid on him*). Senor!

CAR. (*rising again*). Senora, be divinely kind enough to tell the porters to carry me right side up.

LUC. Yes, Senor.

CAR. And pray tell them not to shake the basket too much. The points of the willow are sharp, and puncture me in a very uncomfortable manner.

LUC. (*shutting lid violently*). Yes, Senor. Oh, what a flutter I am in! I must seek the porters, and get him out of the house as soon as possible (*Exit* LUCREZIA.)

CAR. (*getting out of basket*). What! leave the house without having seen her, without having breathed out my burning soul to her? Never! What shall I do? That is a very nice lady, but I tremble to think that she is neither young nor handsome. How shall I remain in the house? Ah, I have it! (*Takes up book.*) What is this? Plutarch in quarto (*throws it in basket*). Seneca in folio (*throws in another book*). Plato's Philosophy (*throws book in*). Galen (*throws book in*). Hippocrates (*throws book in*). Lopez de Vega, in twenty volumes (*throws them in*). In they go. (*Lifts basket.*) It's hardly heavy enough. (*Takes up books.*) Tragedies! Ah! they're heavy enough. (*Throws in a number of books.*) That will do. (*Closes lid.*) Now they may take that away. I'll remain. Where shall I go? (*Going.*) Where does this lead to? I will explore. (*Exit* CARLOS.) [*Enter* INEZ.]

INEZ. The Senora is not here. (*Advances cautiously and looks about.*) Very good. Now I'll take a peep at my present. Oh, Carlino! What a dear little fellow you are! (*Approaches basket.*)

DOCT. (*enters with knife.*) Inez!

INEZ. Santa Maria! Who is it?

DOCT. Only me, my child. What are you about to do?

INEZ. Examine my present. I was afraid the Senora would be angry, and so I am going to look at it on the sly.

DOCT. Well, I am quite curious to know what you have there.

INEZ. Perhaps biscuits. Oh, mercy! Footsteps again.

DOCT. It is Lucrezia. It will never do for her to see this, if you wish to keep your place, my child. Take it to your own room.

INEZ. (*trying to lift basket*). I can't. Lend me a hand.

DOCT. Where shall we take it? Inez, eat up your biscuits at once, and then we can get the basket away easily enough.

INEZ. No! Let us take it out on the balcony, until the Senora is out of the way.

DOCT. Good! This is as exciting as an intrigue. (*Lifts one end of basket.*) Your biscuits are heavy, Inez.

INEZ (*lifting the other end*). Yes. (*Drops basket on* DOCTOR'S *toes.*)

DOCT. Oh, Inez!—Once more. All right. (*They take the basket to the balcony and rest it there.*) That will do. Stay! Let me steady it. (*The* DOCTOR, *in trying to steady it, lets it fall into the water.*) Oh, it's gone, Inez! I'm very sorry!

INEZ. Oh, my poor biscuits! How could you be so careless? I declare it has sunk! (*Enter* LUCREZIA.)

LUC. I can't find the porters anywhere. (*Sees* DOCT.) Ah, my husband!

INEZ. (*sobbing*). My poor biscuit!

LUC. My dear, I thought you were out walking.

DOCT. No; I shall not go just yet.

LUC. (*aside*). Where can the basket be? He has gone, then. Since he is safe, I will make a true woman's merit of telling her husband all when he can't revenge himself. (*Aloud.*) Husband!

DOCT. Well, wife.

LUC. Have you seen anything here?

DOCT. No. (*Aside.*) She has seen the basket and misses it!

LUC. Nothing at all?

DOCT. Oh! Yes! No! Certainly not! (*Confused.*)

LUC. A basket, for instance.

INEZ (*aside*). Now for another storm.

DOCT. Yes, my dear. I remember a basket. Quite a trifle.

LUC. Did you see what was in it?

DOCT. No. (*Aside to* INEZ.) You had better tell her all, Inez.

INEZ. It was a little present of candies for me.

LUC. Husband, there was a man in it?

DOCT. (*staggering back overwhelmed*). What!

INEZ. (*fainting against* DOCTOR). A man!

LUC. Yes, a man, who took this means of entering the house, and of making audacious proposals of love to me; but I scorned his offers, and left the room in search of you, that you might avenge the insult. Is he gone?

DOCT. (*stupified*). I should say he was!

INEZ. (*aside*). Perhaps it was Carlino himself!

DOCT. You must be mistaken, wife.

LUC. I tell you, I spoke to him on this spot, not ten minutes ago, and left him here in the basket. He must have been conveyed out again.

DOCT. Yes, decidedly.

INEZ. He'll not be conveyed out again in a hurry. (*Enter* ISABELLA.)

ISA. Inez! (*Aside to* INEZ.) That note. Ha, ha! I have read it It *was* for *me*, and from *him*.

INEZ. Whom?

ISA. My cavalier. He is here!

INEZ. What! In the house?

ISA. Yes. He was conveyed hither in that basket!

INEZ. (*with horror*) What!

ISA. (*to* INEZ). It was he who was on the water.

INEZ (*aside*). He's *in* the water now.

LUC. Well, do you free me from all suspicion? I don't think he will have the impudence to make another visit.

DOCT. I don't think he will!

INEZ (*shuddering*). I hope not.

LUC. Come, Isabella. (*Crosses.*) How could he have got out?

ISA. But, ma, I don't want to go.

LUC. Come along, miss. I have something to say to you.

(*Exit* LUC. *pulling* ISABELLA.)

DOCT. (*to* INEZ). Look out of the window. I dare not. Perhaps he is swimming in the basket. It was very large.

INEZ (*looking out*). No. There is nothing. He is gone.

DOCT. (*nervously*). He? Who? Pooh! Do you believe it was a man?

INEZ. I know it was. Oh, Doctor, we are murderers!

DOCT. What do you mean? You threw him out. It was your present.

INEZ. No, Senor Doctor. You threw him out.

DOCT. Don't be so positive. I won't inform against you.

INEZ. Oh, if we should be found out!

DOCT. My blood runs cold at the very suggestion. (*The rattling of castanets heard outside.*)

INEZ. What is that? (*Starting with fear.*)

DOCT. It sounds like the rattling of a dead man's bones.

INEZ. Oh, don't talk so Doctor! It's only some street dancers.

DOCT. Why do people dance? *He* can't dance! His dancing days are over!

INEZ. I am afraid yours are not Doctor.

DOCT. What do you mean?

INEZ. Doctor, I'm afraid your last act in life will be something akin to a dance, without any floor to step on.

DOCT. Wretched girl!

INEZ (*going to balcony and looking out*). Ah! (*Screams.*) Mercy! Murder! I can swear I saw the basket bobbing up and down in the water, as though there were a human being kicking inside to get out, and couldn't! Ah!

DOCT. (*putting his hand over her mouth.*) Be quiet, Inez. You make me feel strangely uncomfortable. Don't scream. You'll alarm the night watch!

INEZ. But, Doctor—— I feel I am going to scream again. Ah! (*Screams.*) Stop my mouth.

DOCT. (*stopping her mouth*). I tell you that you'll alarm the night watch, if you haven't done so already. Hark!

FINALE TO FIRST ACT,

Moderato.

pp

DOCTOR. INEZ. DOC. IN. DOC.

I - nez! Doctor! Hush! I'm dumb! The aw-ful night-watch this way come; They heard your

IN. (*nervously.*) DOC. (*seizing her arm solemnly.*) IN. DOC. (*uneasily.*)

scream, I think I'll go! You're doomed! And you too! Don't say so!

INEZ. DOC.

Our doom is seal'd as sure as fate! We cannot fly; it is too late. Our doom is seal'd as sure as

In.

fate!

Is. (*entering.*)

We can not fly; it is too late. What meant those screams I heard but

ff *pp*

Doc. *to* In.

now!

In. *to* Doc.

You're always kicking, kicking, kicking up a row! I couldn't

f *pp*

Is. (*listening.*)

help it. Ah! that sound! The night-watch marches on its round.

Luc. (*entering.*)

They come this way! They come this way! What meant that

cres.

Luc.

-cry ! But now, but now, upon the balcony ? They seem a - fraid At what I said ; They seem a - fraid At what I

Is.

They seem a - fraid At what she said ; At what she

In.

Oh luckless jade ! We are be - trayed ; We are be -

Doc.

(The march grows louder, and the tramp is heard outside. Lucrezia *and* Isabella *look out of window.)*

said, They seem a - fraid At what I said, They seem a - fraid At what I said.

said, They seem a - fraid At what she said, At what she said.

-trayed, Oh luckless jade ! We are be - trayed, We are be - trayed. It's all good

-trayed, Oh luckless jade ! We are be - trayed, We are be trayed. They heard you cry !

Doc. (*Angrily.*) In. (*Pertly.*) Doc. In.

bye! What shall we say? You fool! Hey dey! They heard you cry. It's all good bye! What shall we

[*By this time the tramp has become very loud, and three heavy knocks are heard at door. The* Doctor *and* Inez *are paralyzed. A short silence.*]

Luc. *p* *p*

They're at the door! They're at the door!

Is. *p* *p*

They're at the door! They're at the door!

In. *p* *p*

say! Hey dey! They're at the door! They're at the door!

Doc. *p* *p*

You fool! They're at the door! They're at the door!

f (*Knocking outside.*) *f* (*Knocking.*) *f* (*Knocking.*)

[*Three more loud knocks heard. At the sound* Doctor *and* Inez *rush across, leaving* Isabella *and* Lucrezia.]

Tenori. (*Outside.*)

Open! in the name of the king! Open! in the name of the king!

Bassi.

Doc. (*trembling.*) In. Luc.

Go, I-nez go! I thank you, no! I'm sure there's something

pp

Is.

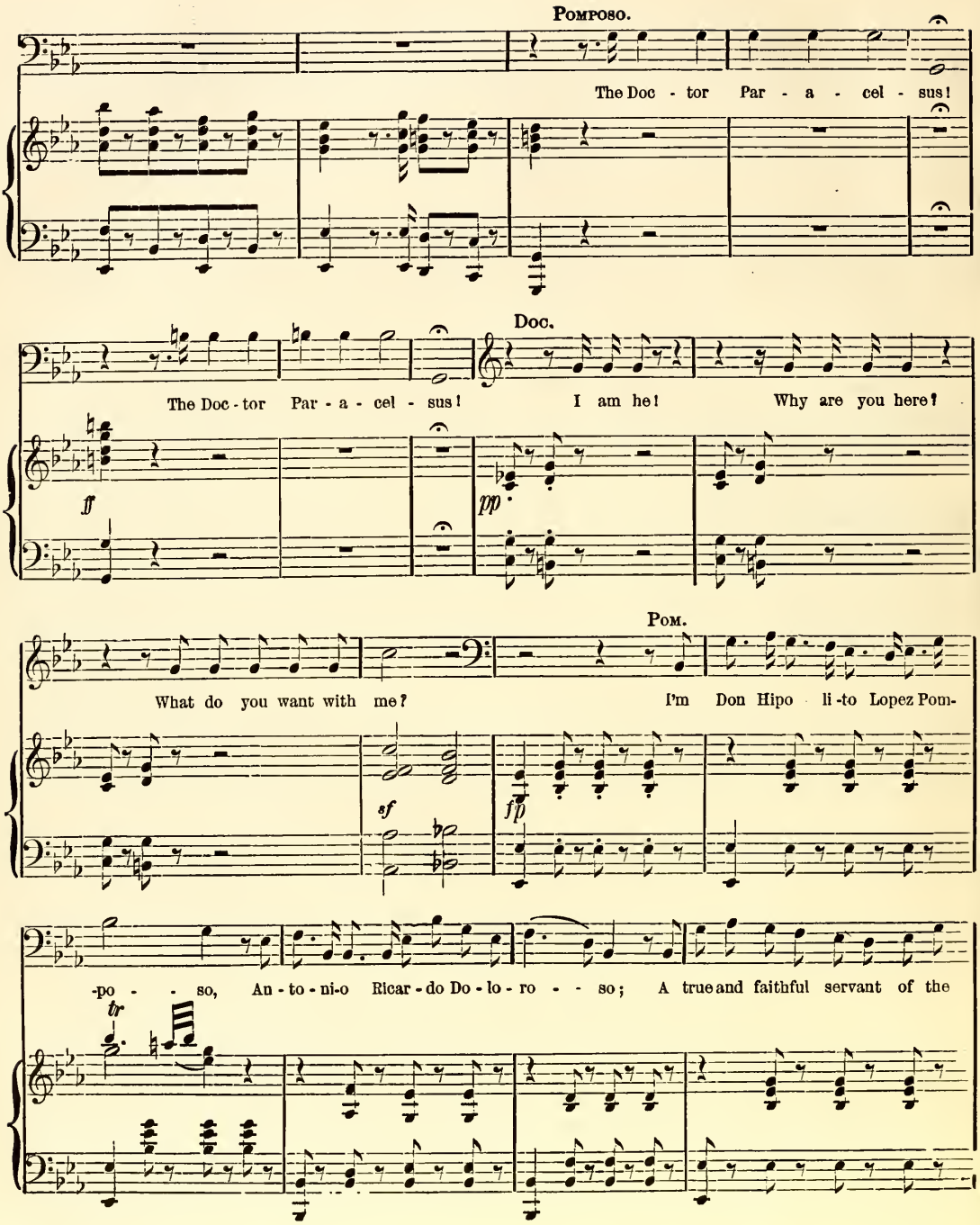
wrong. I'll find it out ere long! I'll find, I'll find it out ere long! I'm sure there's something

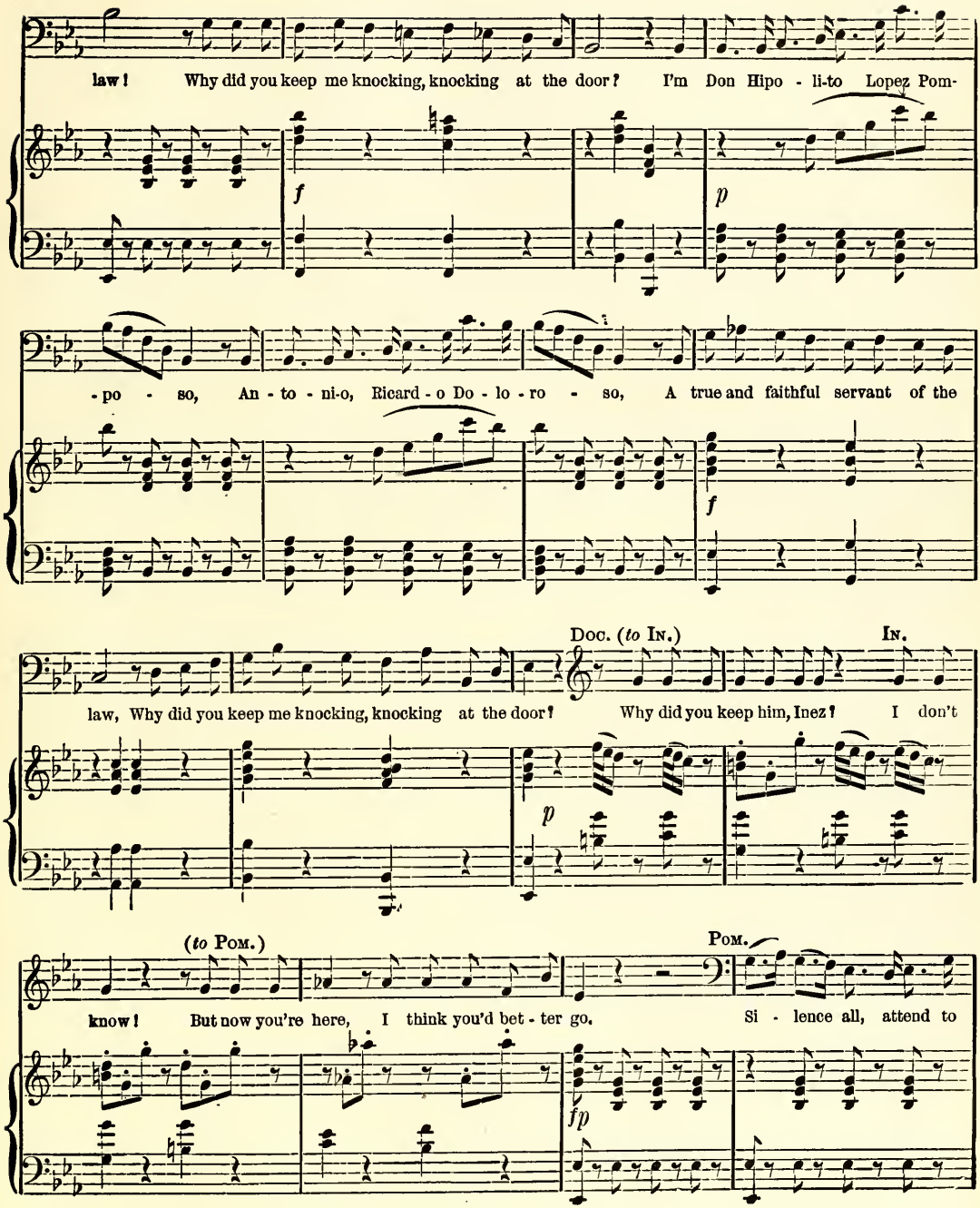
Doc. / Inez. } I tremble!

wrong; I'll find it out ere long! I'll find, I'll find, it out ere long. [*Exeunt* Is. *and* Luc.]

ff

[*Enter* Lucrezia, *followed by* Pomposo, *the night watch and neighbors.*]


Pomposo.
The Doc - tor Par - a - cel - sus!
Doc.
The Doc - tor Par - a - cel - sus!
I am he!
Why are you here?
ff
pp
Pom.
What do you want with me?
I'm Don Hipo li -to Lopez Pom-
sf
fp
-po - - so, An - to - ni-o Ricar - do Do - lo - ro - - so; A true and faithful servant of the
tr


law! Why did you keep me knocking, knocking at the door? I'm Don Hipo - li-to Lopez Pom-
f
p
-po - so, An - to - ni-o, Ricard - o Do - lo - ro - so, A true and faithful servant of the
f
law, Why did you keep me knocking, knocking at the door?
Doc. (to In.)
Why did you keep him, Inez?
In.
I don't
p
(to Pom.)
know! But now you're here, I think you'd bet - ter go.
Pom.
Si - lence all, attend to
fp

me! But now, but now, upon your balco - ny, I heard a loud, a loud and dead- ly

tr *f*

scream! I heard a loud, a loud, a loud and dead - ly scream! Doc. That bal - co -ny, you

p

Luc. Is. Doc. (*aside.*)

sure-ly dream! No, he does not, I heard it, too! And I! The deuce! what shall I do?

f

Doc. (*aloud.*) Luc.

The fact is that there was a cat. No, no! come, Doctor, none of that! I heard a

f *p*

Chorus. Doc. Cho.

scream! And I! and I! and I! The devil! do you think I'd lie? A

Moderato. Doc. In.

I tell you, no! It was not so!

Cho.

cry of pain was ve - ry plain, And what it meant we all must know: At

In. Doc.

I tell you, no, it was not so! It was not so!

once speak out, re - solve our doubt, Be - fore, be - fore from hence we go! A

In. Doc.

I tell you, no! It was not so!

cry of pain was ve - ry plain, And what it meant we all must know: At

In. Doc.

I tell you, no! It was not so!

once speak out, re - solve our doubt, Be - fore from hence we go! A cry of pain was ve - ry

f

Doc. *and* In.

It wasn't! it wasn't! it wasn't! it wasn't! It wasn't! it wasn't! it wasn't! it

plain, A cry of pain was ve - ry plain.

Is. & Luc.

A cry of pain was ve - ry plain, A cry of pain was ve - ry plain!

In.

wasn't! it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't, it wasn't!

Doc.

Cho.

A cry of pain was ve - ry plain, A cry of pain was ve - ry plain!

Pom.

Si - lence! Si - lence;

ff

Si - - - - - - - lence! I'm Don Hipo - li-to Lopez Pompo - - so An-

f

tr

-to-ni- o Ricardo Do-lo - ro - so, Explain to me the meaning of that cry I heard but now, but now upon yon balco-

fp

Pom.

-ny. No hes - i - ta-tion, al - ter - ca- tion, spec - u - la-tion, dis-pu - ta- tion, Both - er - a - tion, dis - ser -

Luc. & Is.

No hes - i - ta - tion, al - ter - ca - tion, spec - u -

Cho.

No hes - i - ta - tion, al - ter - ca - tion, spec - u -

p *cres.* *f*

-ta-tion, ly - ing or pre - var - i - ca - tion. Hes - i - ta-tion, al - ter - ca - tion, spec - u - la-tion, dis- pu-

-la - tion, dis - pu - ta - tion, hes - i - ta - tion, al - ter -

-la - tion, dis - pu - ta - tion, hes - i - ta - tion, al - ter -

dim. *p* *cres.*

"Silence."

-ta-tion, Bother - a-tion, dis - ser - ta-tion, ly - ing, or pre-va - ri - ca-tion. Ex - plain! Ex - plain!

-ca - tion, spec - u - la - tion, dis - pu - ta-tion. Ex - plain! Ex - plain!

-ca - tion, spec - u - la - tion, dis - pu - ta-tion. Ex - plain! Ex - plain!

f *dim.* *f*

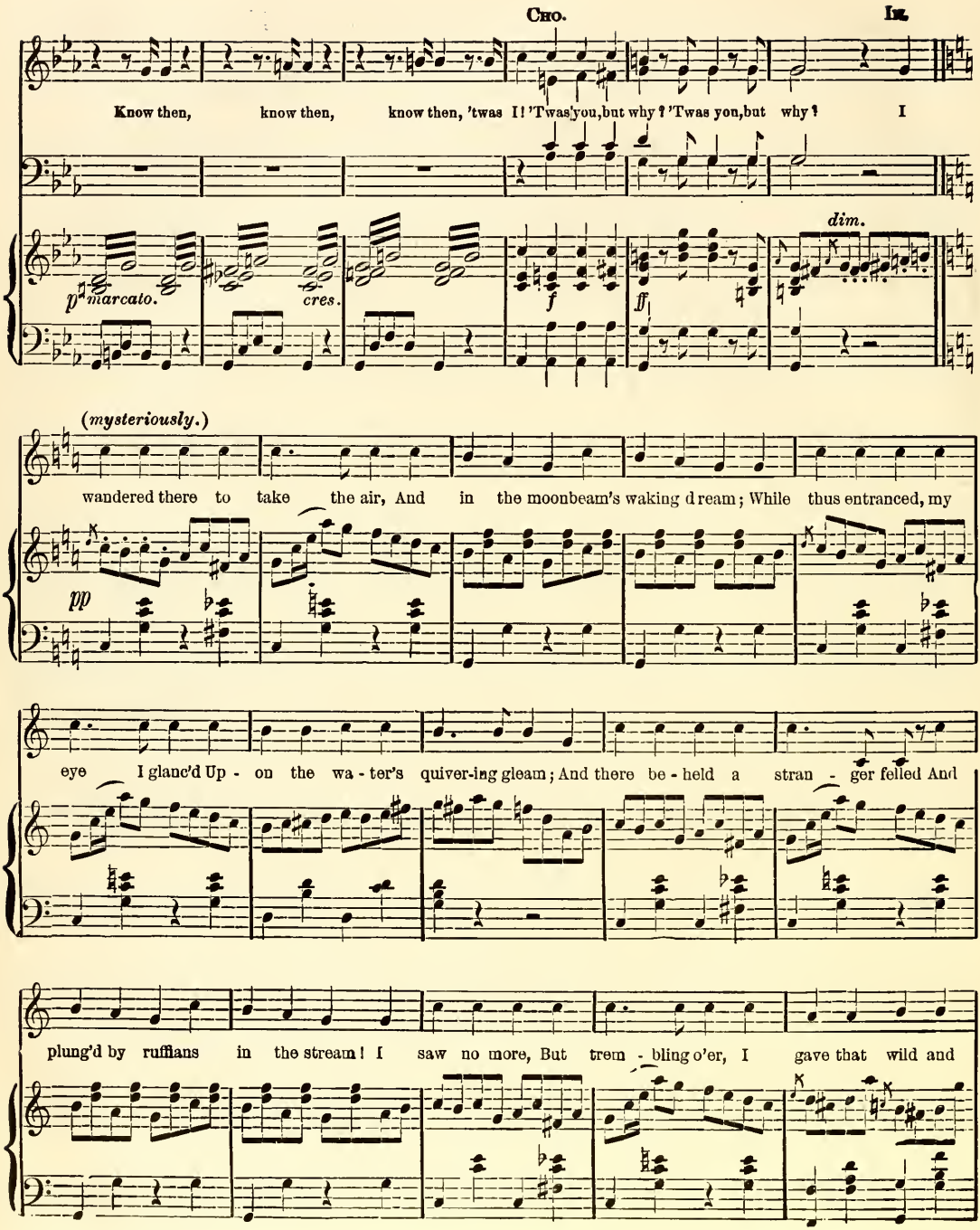
INEZ. (*to Pomposo.*) (*imitates Pomposo*). *tr*

To you! To you! To you! To you, Hipo- li-to Lopez Pom-po - so, An - to-ni-o Ricardo Do-lo-

f *dim.* *p* *f* *p* *tr*

- ro - so; I will explain the meaning of that cry You heard but now, but now upon yon balco - ny!

f *f* *f*


Cho.
Ir.
Know then, know then, know then, 'twas I! 'Twas you, but why? 'Twas you, but why? I
p marcato.
cres.
f
ff
dim.
(mysteriously.)
wandered there to take the air, And in the moonbeam's waking dream; While thus entranced, my
pp
eye I glanc'd Up - on the wa - ter's quiver-ing gleam; And there be - held a stran - ger felled And
plung'd by ruffians in the stream! I saw no more, But trem - bling o'er, I gave that wild and

Doc. (*to Inez.*) In. (*to Doc.*)

piercing scream. The deuce! what is it that you say? Sus-

Oh! horror! Oh! horror! (*They run to the window and look out.*)

ff marcato. *dim.* *pp*

Doc. In.

-pi - cions thus I turn away. The deuce, what is it that you say? Sus - pi - cion thus I

(*They come forward again.*) Pom. (*to* Doc.)

turn a - way! I thought of something of the sort When

sempre p *8va*

first, when first I heard you scream, And bade a couple of my men To drag within the stream.

8va *8va* *rit.* *f* *f risoluto.*

(*Two men bringing in the basket.*) Doc. (*aside.*) In. (*aside*) Luc. (*aside.*)

We could find nothing else than this! That basket! That basket! That basket!

p

Luc.

Something, something, something is a - miss.

Is. (*aside.*)

That basket! Something, something, something is a - miss.

In.

Something, something, something is a - miss.

Doc.

Allegro molto.

ff

Luc. & Is. *f*

A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

In. *f*

Doc. *f*

A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

Pom. *f*

Cho. *f*

A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

f

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way. A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing wrong, ...

no - thing, no - thing

long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's no - thing, no - thing

some - thing, some - thing

long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing, some - thing

p

.... A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing wrong, ...

wrong,

no - thing, no - thing

wrong, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's no - thing, no - thing

some - thing, some - thing

wrong, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing, some - thing

p

.... Come.... a - way,..... Come.... a - way,..... Come..... a -

wrong,

wrong, Come.... a - way,..... Come.... a - way,..... Come..... a -

wrong, Come.... a - way,..... Come.... a - way,..... Come..... a -

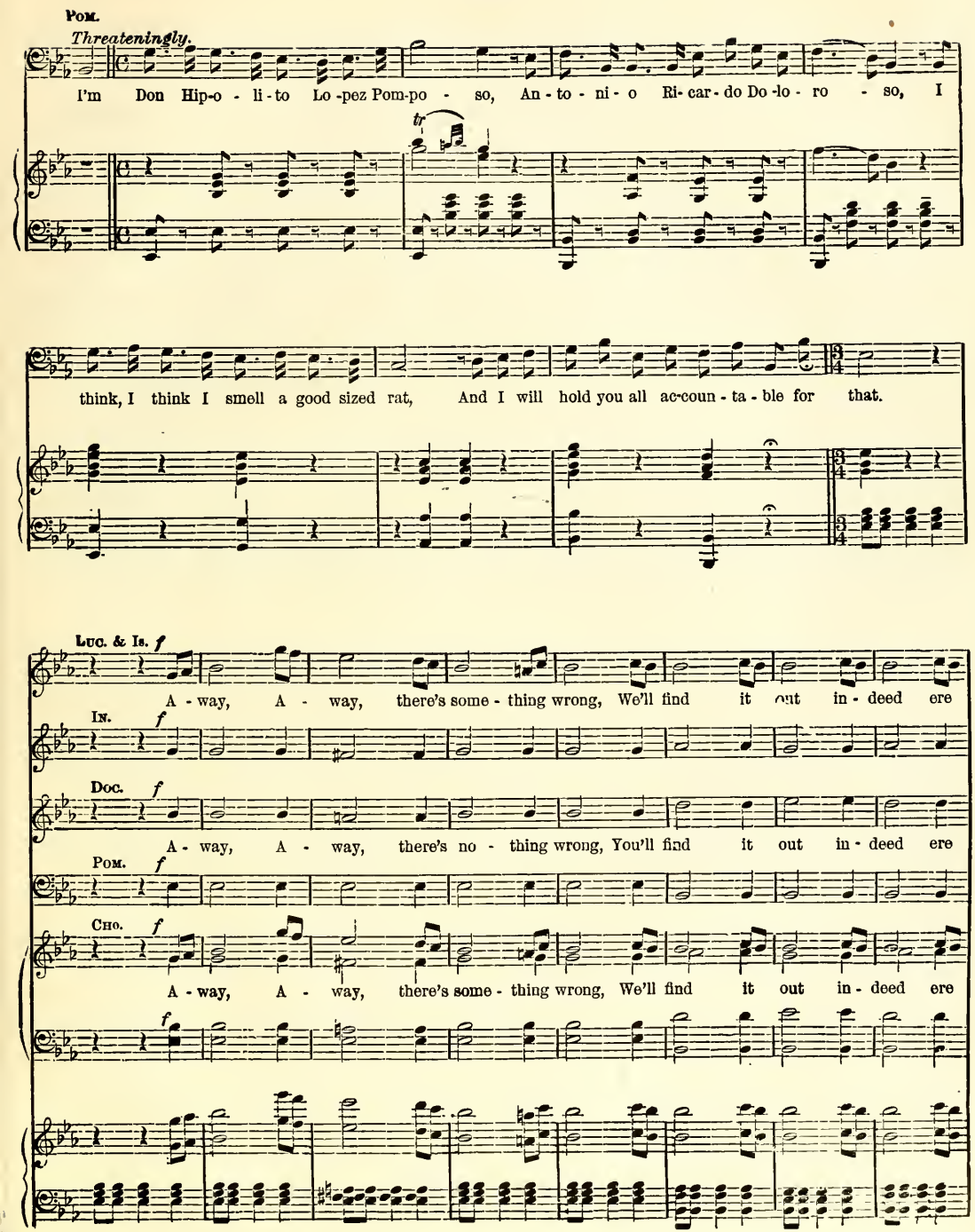
cres - - - - - - - - - - - - *cen* - - *do* *f*

- way!..... Come....away,come away,come away,There's something wrong,Come away,come away,There's something wrong.

There's nothing wrong,Come away,come away,There's nothing wrong.

- way!..... Come.... a - way, come a -way, There's nothing wrong, Come away,There's nothing wrong.

- way!..... Come ...away,come away,come away,There's something wrong,Come away,come away,There's something wrong.


Pom.
Threateningly.
I'm Don Hip-o - li - to Lo -pez Pom-po - so, An - to - ni - o Ri- car - do Do -lo - ro - so, I
tr
think, I think I smell a good sized rat, And I will hold you all ac-coun - ta - ble for that.
Luc. & Is. f
A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere
In. f
Doc. f
A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere
Pom. f
Cho. f
A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere
f

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in. deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's no - thing wrong, You'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, A - way, there's some - thing wrong, We'll find it out in - deed ere

long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing wrong, ...

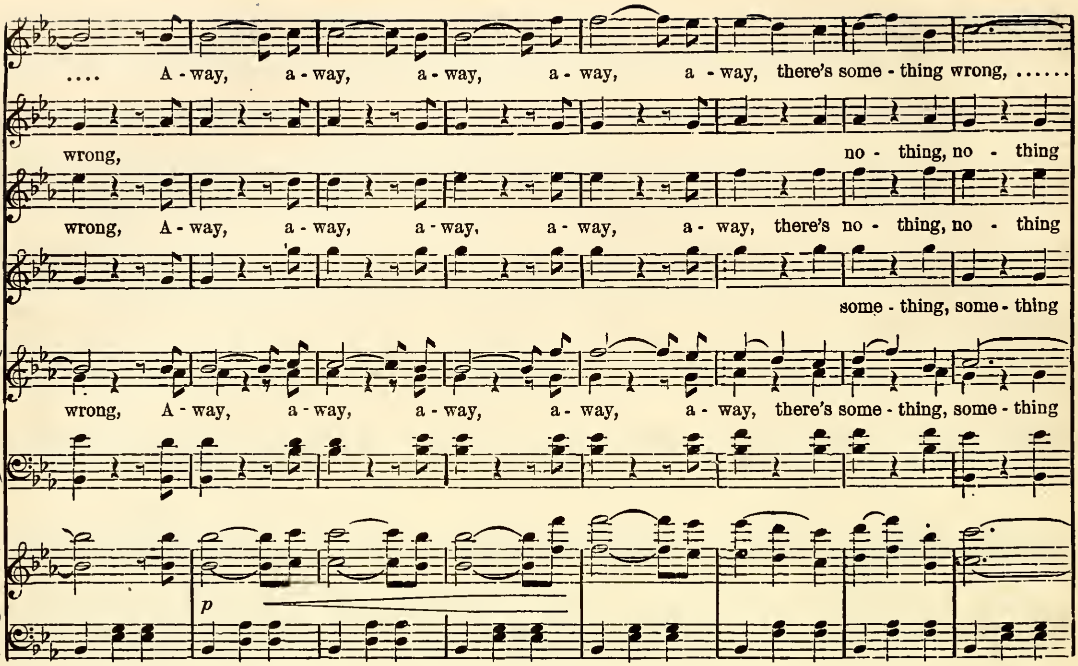
no - thing, no - thing

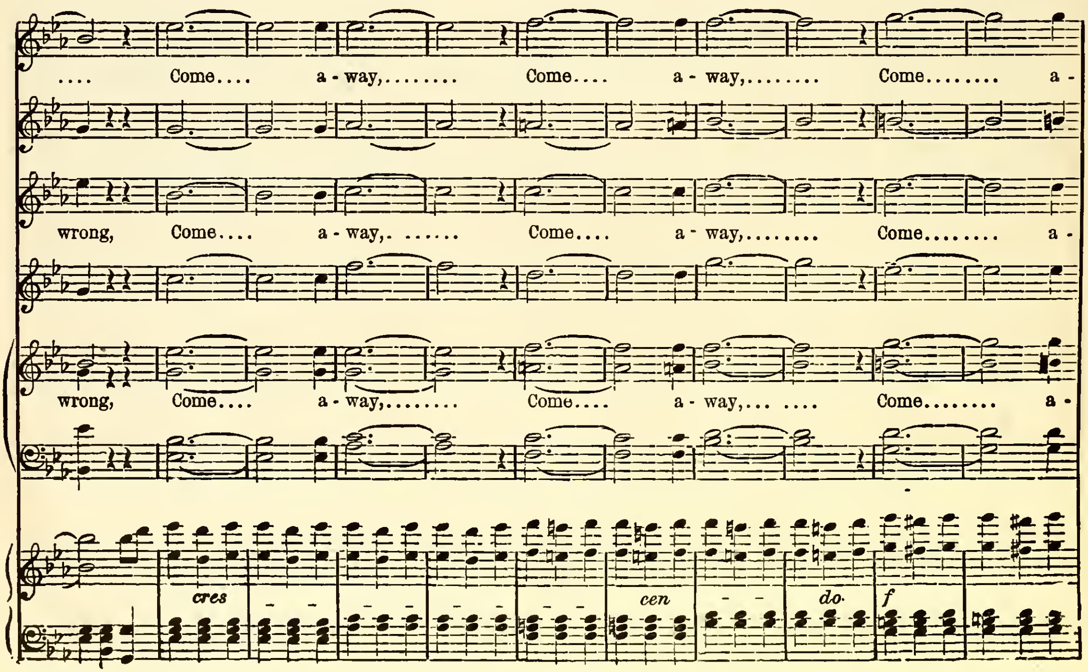
long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's no - thing, no - thing

some - thing, some - thing

long, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing, some - thing

p


.... A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing wrong, ...
wrong, no - thing, no - thing
wrong, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's no - thing, no - thing
some - thing, some - thing
wrong, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, there's some - thing, some - thing
p


.... Come.... a - way,........ Come.... a - way,........ Come........ a -
wrong, Come.... a - way,. ...... Come.... a - way,........ Come........ a -
wrong, Come.... a - way,........ Come.... a - way,... .... Come........ a -
cres - - cen - - do f

- way! ..... Come....away, come away, come away, There's something wrong, Come away, come away, There's something wrong.

There's nothing wrong, Come away, come away, There's nothing wrong.

- way! ..... Come.... a - way, come a - way, There's nothing wrong, Come away, There's nothing wrong.

- way! ..... Come ...away, come away, come away, There's something wrong, Come away, come away, There's something wrong.

Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way,

Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way,

Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way,

cres.

Come,..... come..... a - way.

Come,..... come..... a - way.

Come,..... come..... a - way.

ff

(*As the curtain falls,* Pomposo *prepares to depart. The* Doctor *and* Inez *look nervously at each other, and then point to the basket.* Isabella *and* Lucrezia *watch them.*)

ACT II.

ALL' ESPAGNOLA. *Same Scene as before. Scena and Bolero.* ISABELLA *alone.*

Allegro Spiritoso.

f *cres.*

marcato.

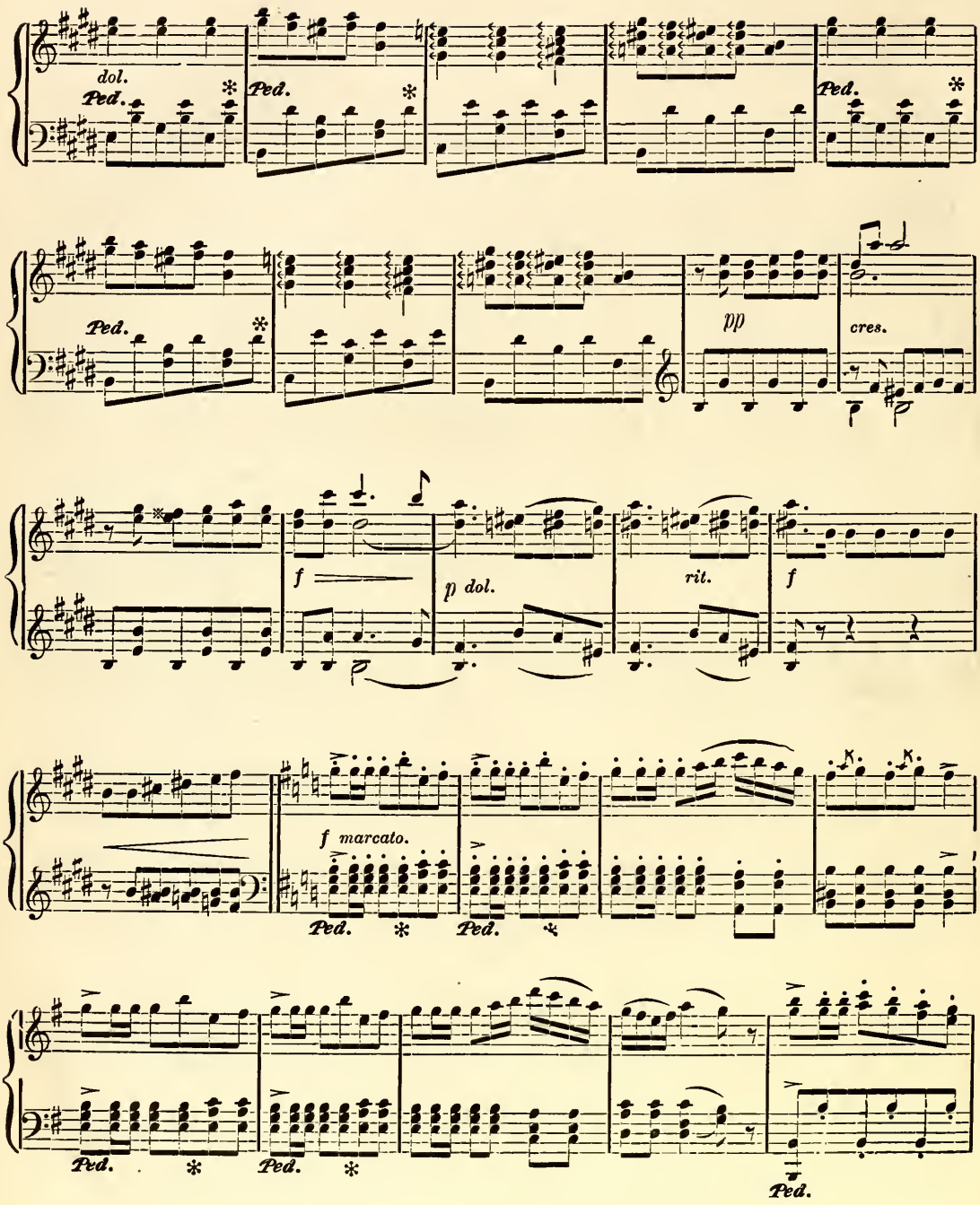
Ped. * *Ped.* *

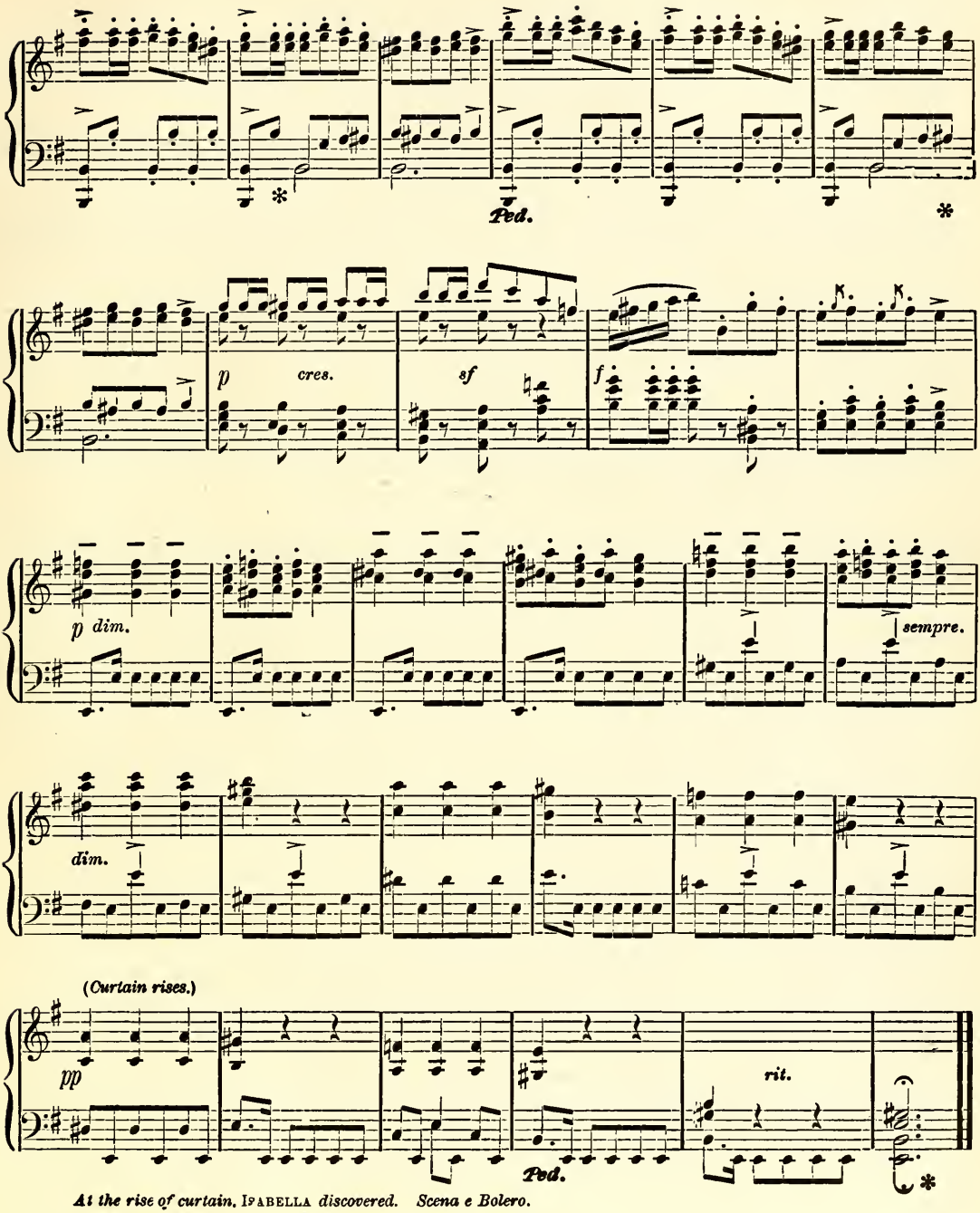
Ped. * *Ped.* *

Ped.

* *Ped.* *

p *cres.* *sf* *f*


dol.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
pp
cres.
f
p dol.
rit.
f
f marcato.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



At the rise of curtain, ISABELLA *discovered. Scena e Bolero.*

AH, WOE IS ME!

(SCENA AND BOLERO.)

Introduced in the
"Doctor of Alcantara."

Composed by J. EICHBERG.

Allo molto.

Recititavo.

Ah, woe is me! my heart's best hope is vanished, The loved one's fled, and ne'er to me re - turns, And I a - lone in deepest grief am left, To dream of him whom I shall ne'er be - hold.

ff *p* *p*

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Andantino.

Oh! would that fate had cast my lot with him. How hap - py

were my fate, E'en if a small and lone - ly cot our

cres.

love from all con - cealed, Each thought of mine to

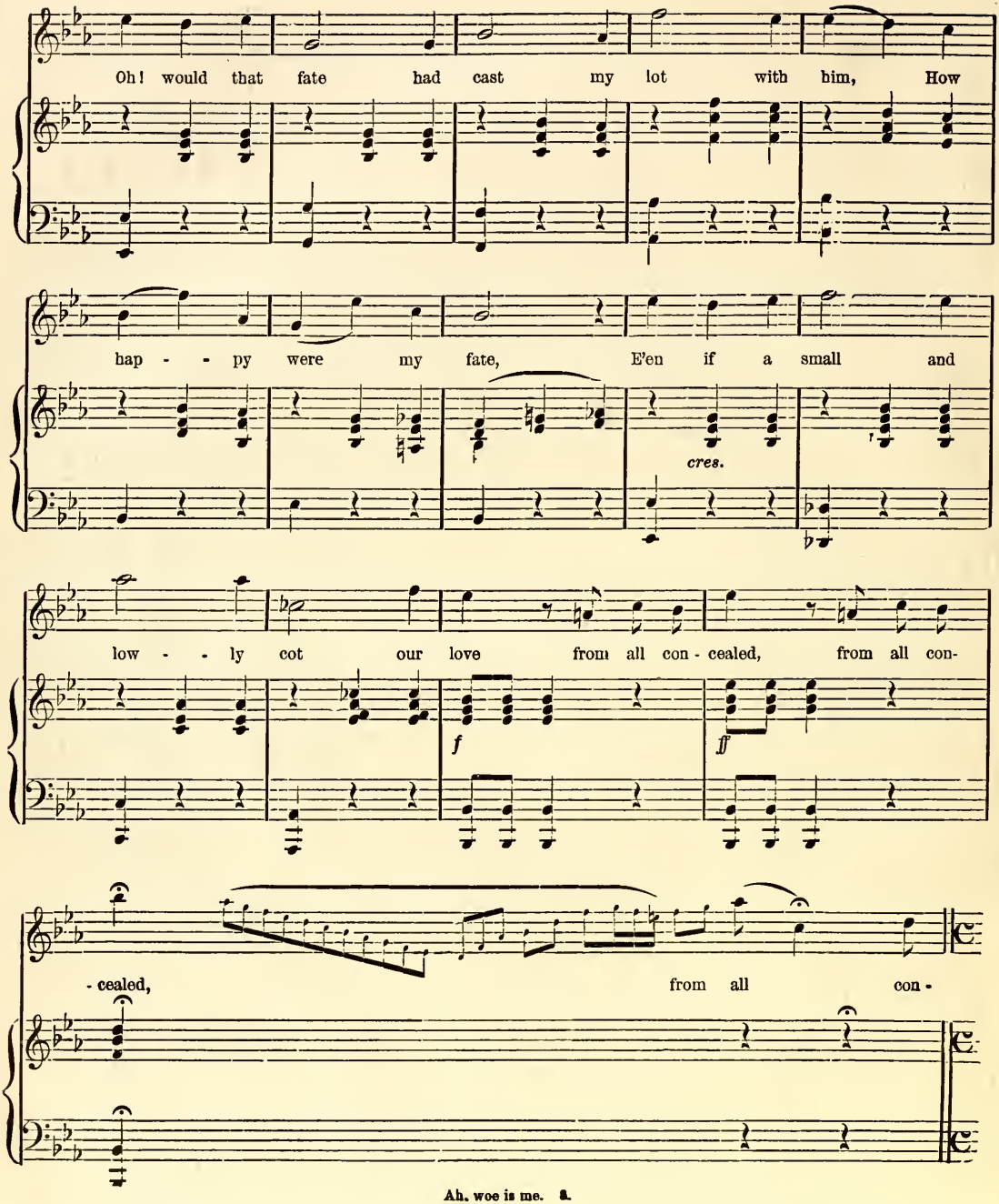
him be - longs, to him, to him be - longs.

tr

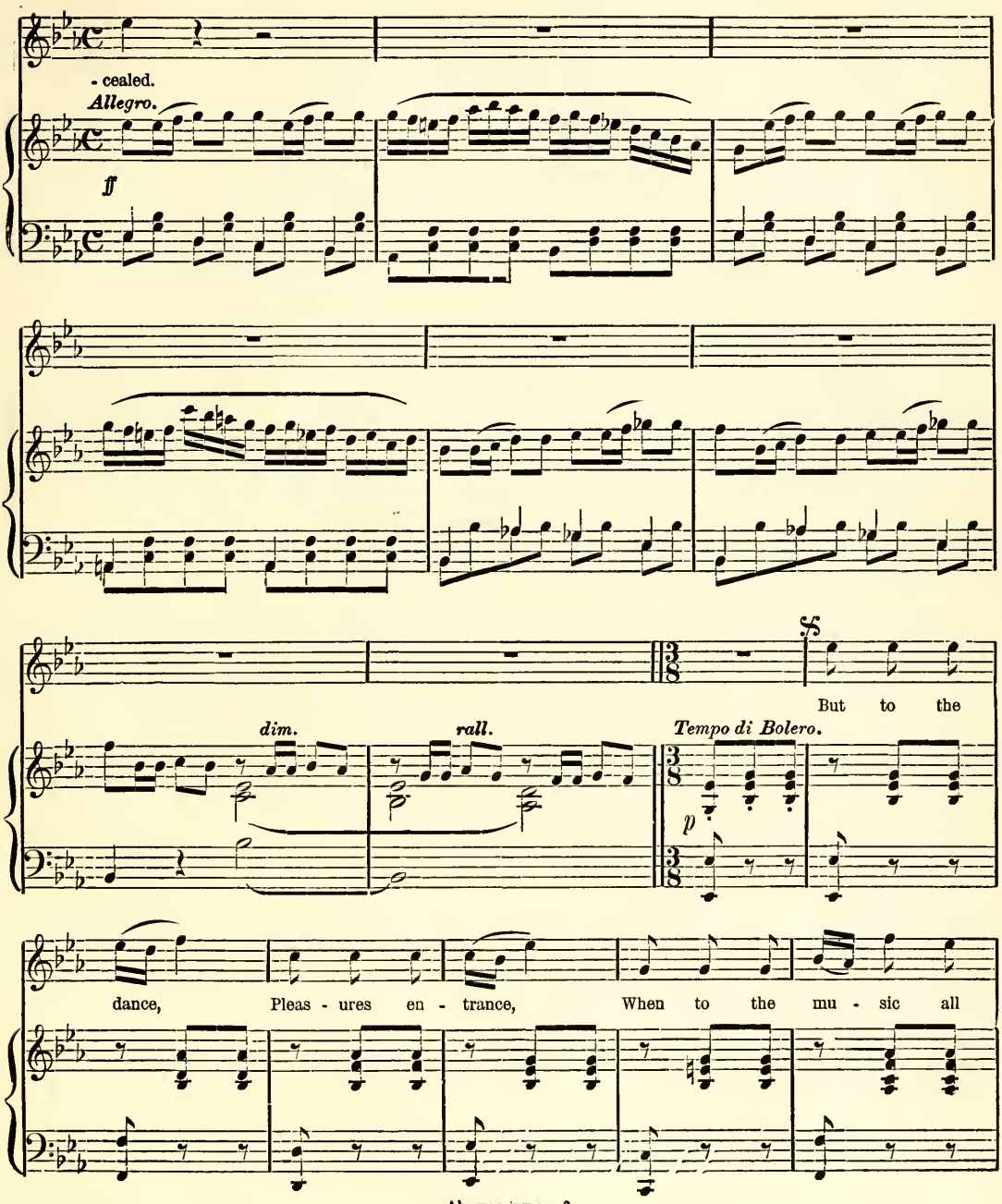
cres.

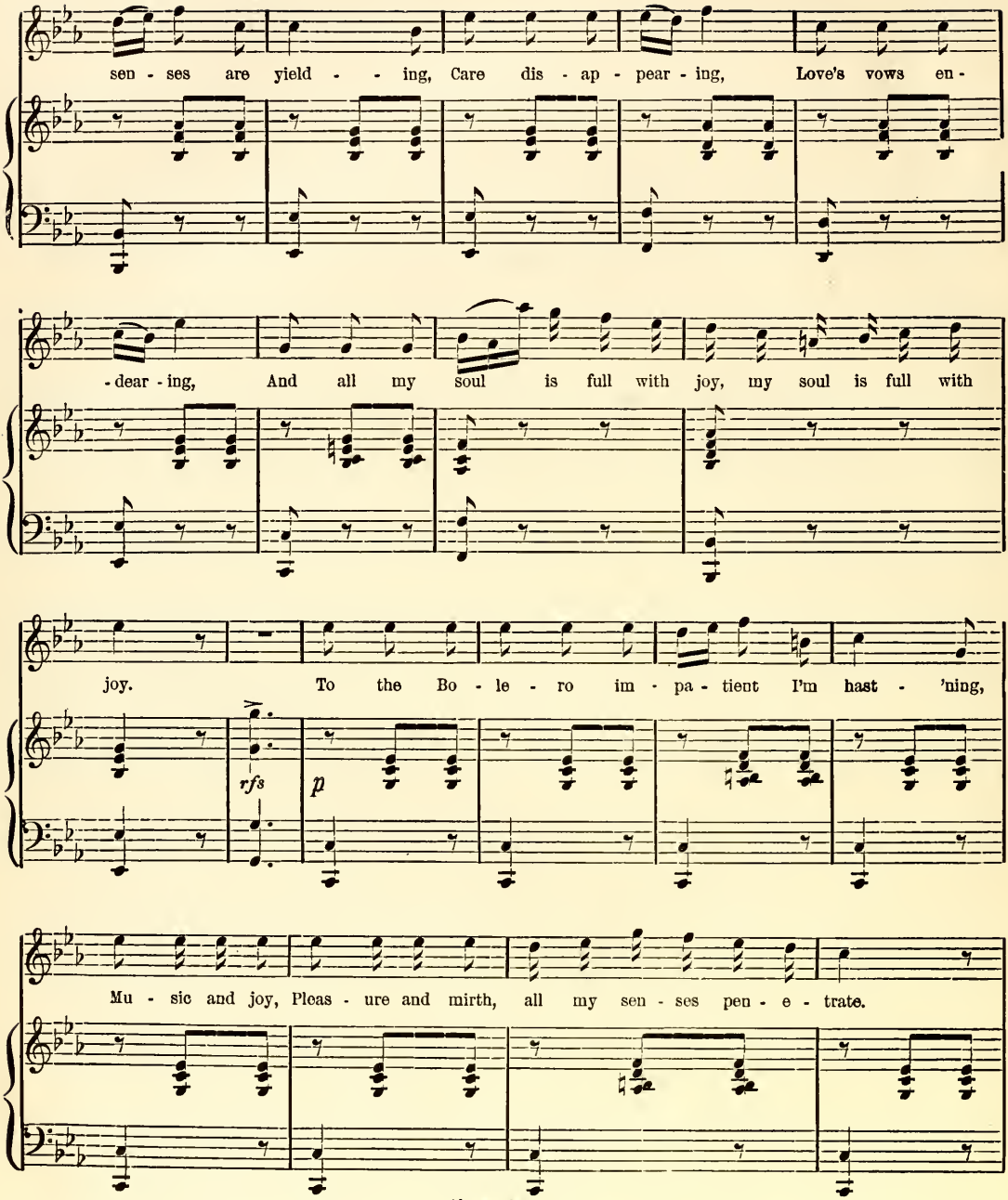
f

Ah, woe is me. 8.


Oh! would that fate had cast my lot with him, How
hap - - py were my fate, E'en if a small and
cres.
low - - ly cot our love from all con - cealed, from all con-
f
ff
- cealed, from all con -

Ah, woe is me. a.


- cealed.
Allegro.
ff
dim.
rall.
ff
But to the
Tempo di Bolero.
p
dance, Pleas - ures en - trance, When to the mu - sic all


sen - ses are yield - - ing, Care dis - ap - pear - ing, Love's vows en-
- dear - ing, And all my soul is full with joy, my soul is full with
joy. To the Bo - le - ro im - pa - tient I'm hast - 'ning,
rfs
p
Mu - sic and joy, Pleas - ure and mirth, all my sen - ses pen - e - trate.

Mu - sic and joy, Pleas - ure and mirth, All my sen - ses with

cres. *f* *p*

bliss pen - e - trate,..... Mu - sic and joy, Pleas - ure and mirth,

cres. *f*

rit. *tr*

All my sen - ses pen - e - - trate. All

p 2d time turn to the Coda on last page. *f* *p*

gay Mad - ri - len - as, All proud Cab - al - le - ros, Are anx - ious - ly

wait - ing to join in the dance. All gay Mad - ri - len - as, All

proud Cab - al - le - ros, Are anx - ious - ly wait - ing to join in the

dance, to join in the dance, To

tr

join in the dance.....

Ah, woe is me. 8.

CODA.

Più animato.

- trate, with bliss pen - - e - trate,

with bliss pen - - e - trate,

with bliss..... pen - - -

- - - - e - trate.

Ah, woe is me. 8.

Isa. But here comes some one, the Doctor and Inez. I must away! Oh! where can my handsome Cavalier have gone?

Doc. Oh, Inez, why did you throw him out?

Inez. Oh, Doctor, why did *you* throw him out?

Doc. We are all thrown out through it. Poor young man, he must be very wet. (*they go up to window and look out.*)

Enter Carlos.

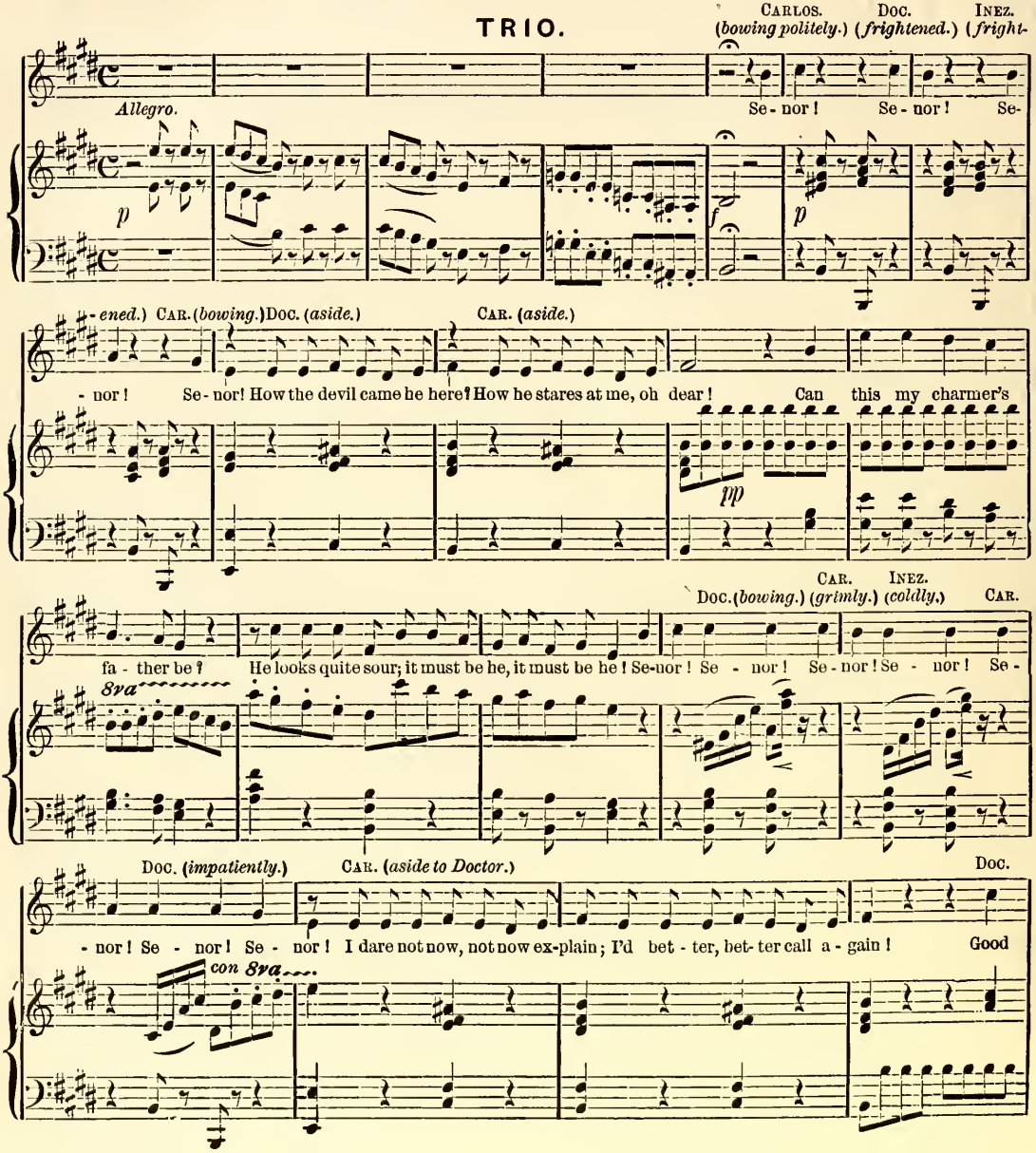
Car. I cannot stand solitude any longer. It is impossible to conceal myself forever. There is a gentleman yonder. I will speak to him, and declare my love.

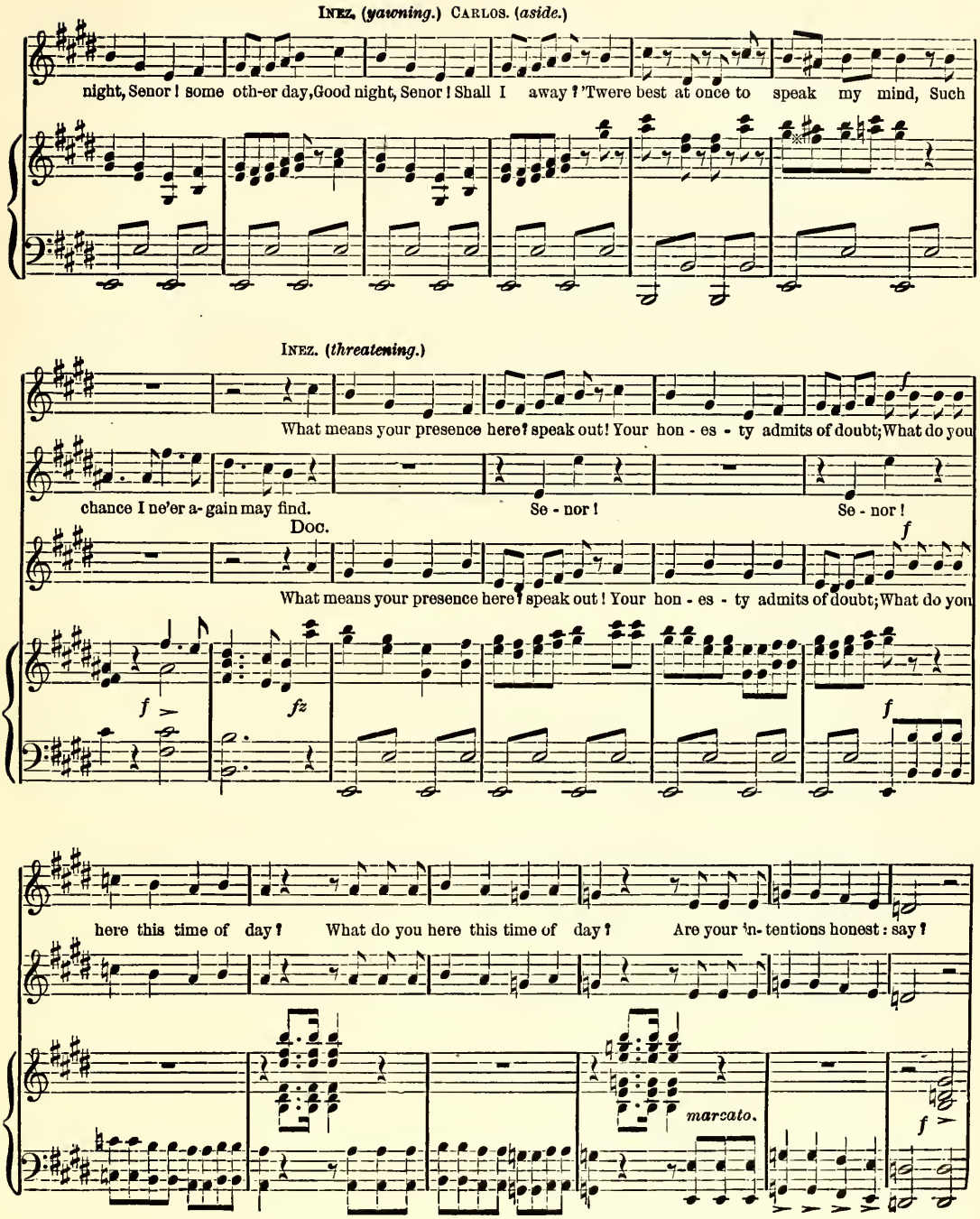
Terzetto.—Doctor, Carlos *and* Inez.

(*During the ritornello* Carlos *approaches the* Doctor, *and at the end taps him on the shoulder.*)

SENOR! SENOR!

TRIO.




INEZ. (yawning.) CARLOS. (aside.)
night, Senor! some oth-er day, Good night, Senor! Shall I away? 'Twere best at once to speak my mind, Such
INEZ. (threatening.)
What means your presence here? speak out! Your hon - es - ty admits of doubt; What do you
chance I ne'er a- gain may find.
Se - nor!
Se - nor!
DOC.
What means your presence here? speak out! Your hon - es - ty admits of doubt; What do you
f
fz
f
here this time of day? What do you here this time of day? Are your in- tentions honest: say?
marcato.
f

Car. (*very silly.*) yes! ... Doc. (*imitating Car.*) yes!.... In. (*the same.*) yes!....

Allo. risoluto. Car. (*with affectation.*) All noble hearts as - pire.... To one sole

Allo. risoluto. *f* *p*

rf aim; one bright de - sire. My heart is torn by beauty's eye;— Love in my breast, love in my breast can never

rit. *colla voce.*

die. This ve - ry night I've seen— Ah! Inez! Doc. (*with fear.*) Oh! Inez. (*aside, with terror.*) what can he

p

mean? Doc. (*aside to Inez.*) Inez, if he should prove a spy! Inez. (*to Doc.*) Should it be so, should it be so! Oh life, good-

INEZ.

-bye! Oh! life, good - bye! Oh! life, good - bye!

DOC.

f

p INEZ & DOC. (*aside.*)

I wonder who this man can be! His presence sore - ly troub - les me,

p CAR. (*aside.*)

How strangely do they glance at me! They full of trouble seem to

Allegretto con gusto.

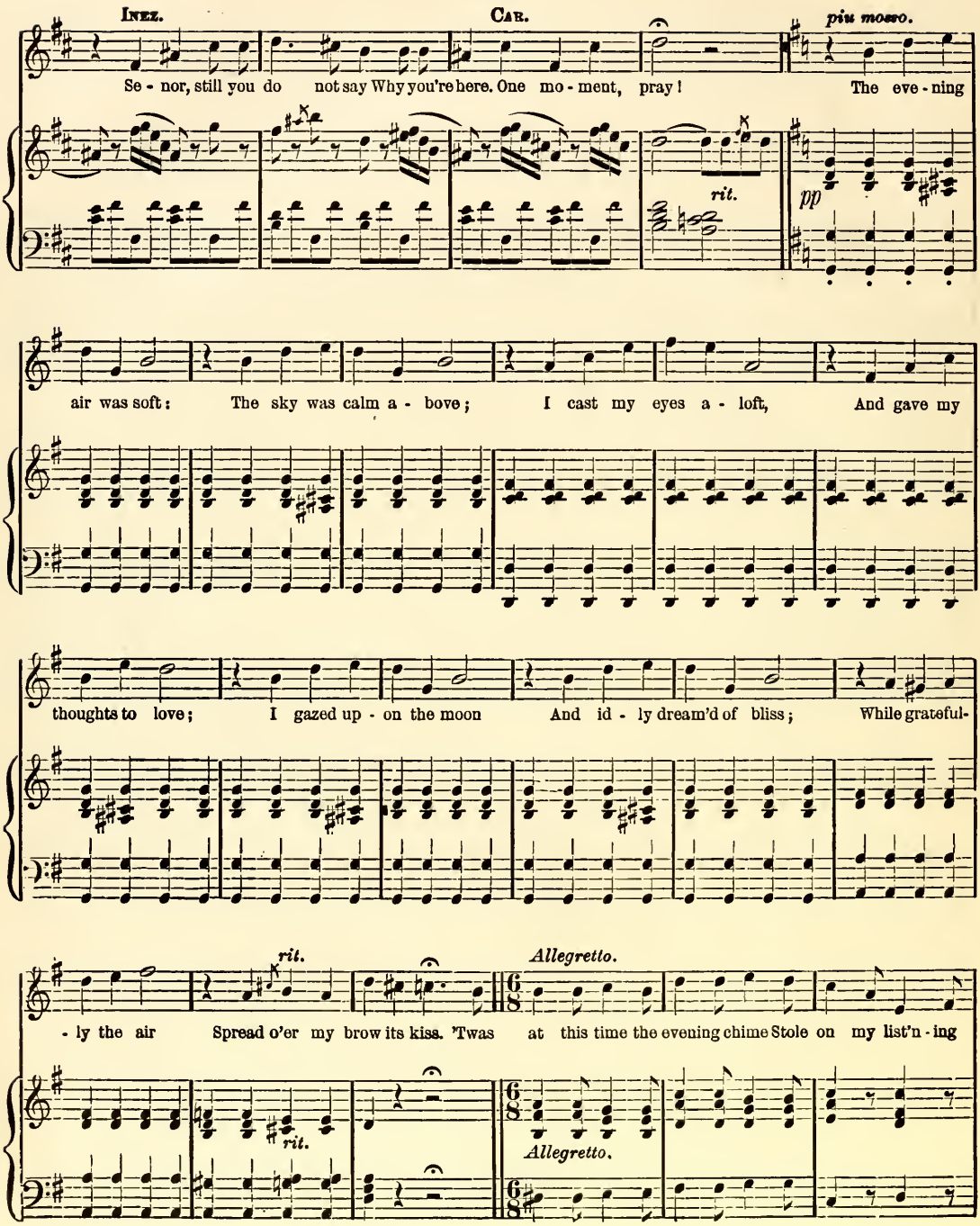
pp

I wonder who this man can be! His presence sorely troubles me!

be, How strangely do they glance at me! They full of trouble seem to be!

Allegro.

p


Inez.
Car.
piu mosso.
Se - nor, still you do not say Why you're here. One mo - ment, pray! The eve - ning
rit.
pp
air was soft: The sky was calm a - bove; I cast my eyes a - loft, And gave my
thoughts to love; I gazed up - on the moon And id - ly dream'd of bliss; While grateful-
rit.
Allegretto.
- ly the air Spread o'er my brow its kiss. 'Twas at this time the evening chime Stole on my list'n - ing
rit.
Allegretto.

rit. Doc. [*angrily.*]

ear. The ten- der sheep Had gone to sleep, And not a soul was near. It seems, Se - nor, you are a

f *p* *f*

Inez. Carlos. (*affectedly.*)

fool ! What means this sil-ly rid - i-cule, What means this si- ly rid - i - cule ? Be-neath your window, in my boat I

f *p*

Doc. (*confused.*) Inez. (*frightened.*) Car. (*childishly.*) Doc. (*terrified.*)

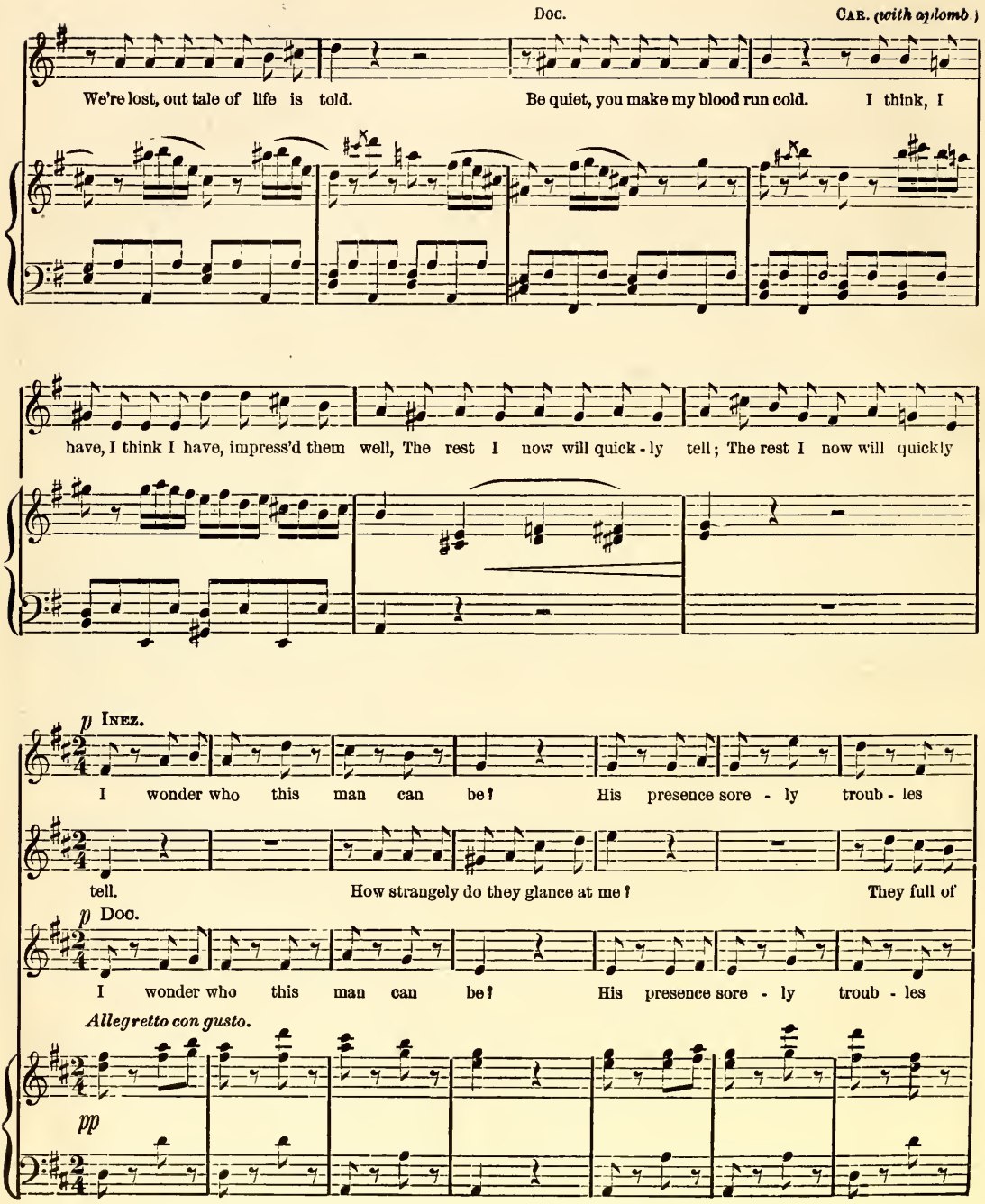
sat with pensive mein : When such a sight burst on my eye !–His eye, What have you seen ? What ? What ?

cres.

Inez. (*trembling.*) Doc. (*in agony.*) Inez. (*same.*) Car. (*foolishly.*) Doc. Inez. (*to Doc.*)

What ? Where ? Where ? Where ? There ! Upon that balco-ny, Ah heav'n! Oh, did he see ?

fp *p*


Doc.
Car. (with aplomb.)
We're lost, out tale of life is told.
Be quiet, you make my blood run cold.
I think, I
have, I think I have, impress'd them well, The rest I now will quick - ly tell; The rest I now will quickly
p Inez.
I wonder who this man can be? His presence sore - ly troub - les
tell.
How strangely do they glance at me?
They full of
p Doc.
I wonder who this man can be? His presence sore - ly troub - les
Allegretto con gusto.
pp

me, I wonder who this man can be? His presence sorely troubles me.

trouble seem to be, How strangely do they glance at me? They full of trouble seem to be.

me, I wonder who this man can be? His presence sorely troubles me.

Allegro.

f

RECIT. INEZ. (*aside to Doctor, with terror.*)

Senor! it it all a plan, I see the ar - ti -

pp

RECIT.

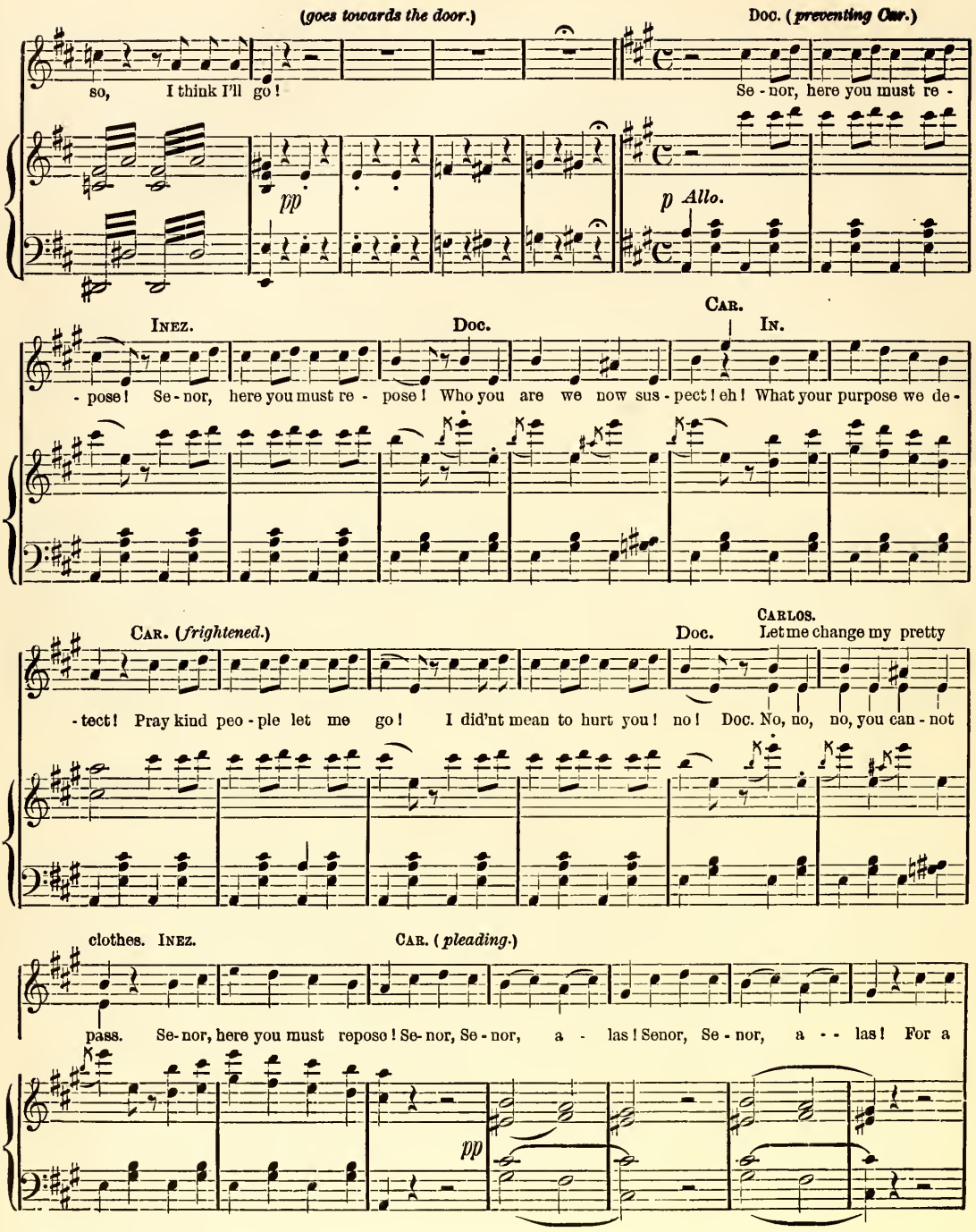
CAR. (*with fear.*)

- fice! This honey worded man is an a - gent of po - lice! They eye me

presto.

f

fpp


(goes towards the door.)
so, I think I'll go!
pp
Doc. (preventing Car.)
Se - nor, here you must re -
p Allo.
Inez.
- pose! Se - nor, here you must re - pose!
Doc.
Who you are we now sus - pect! eh!
Car.
In.
What your purpose we de -
Car. (frightened.)
- tect! Pray kind peo - ple let me go! I did'nt mean to hurt you! no!
Doc.
Carlos.
Let me change my pretty
Doc. No, no, no, you can - not
clothes.
Inez.
pass. Se - nor, here you must repose! Se - nor, Se - nor,
Car. (pleading.)
a - las! Senor, Se - nor, a - - las! For a
pp

moment cease your rigor! Can you harm this pretty figure? You can-not revenge in - voke, On my pret- ty tinseled

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

(*sobbing.*)

cloak! I am not a thief, be - lieve me! Real- ly sir, I don't de - ceive you! A no - ble Se - nor is my

fp

(*with an*

pa! A no - ble la - dy is my ma! Myself am not unknown to fame, And Se-nor Ca-rlos is my name! Carlos!

p

infantine voice.) DOC. CAR. INEZ. CAR. DOC. (*surprised.*) CAR.

Carlos! Carlos! Carlos! Carlos! Carlos! Car - los! Then you real - ly Car - los are? The son of Se - nor Bal - tha -

p *fp*

INEZ.

Doc.

Baltha - zar! Bal - tha - zar! Baltha - zar!

CAR.

- zar! Bal - tha - zar! Bal - tha - zar! Baltha - zar! Baltha - zar! Baltha - zar! Baltha -

ENSEMBLE. (*concerted à l' espagnol.*)

- zar! To give of - fence we did not mean, Had we known you, it ne'er had

- zar! Bal - tha- So odd a house I ne'er have seen, This sud - den change, what can it

non troppo.

been, To give of - fence we did not mean, Had we known you, it ne'er had been; Oh,

mean, So odd a house I ne'er have seen. This sud - den change, what can it mean?

Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor

Be - cause I'm Car - - - - los!

Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! His

Be - cause I'm Car - - - - los! This

presence a arming, sus - picious, dis - arming, We still must con - tin - ue to act out our part. His

conduct is charming, but somewhat a larming, I can - not di - vine what it means, for my part; This

p

presence a - larming, sus - picions, dis - arming, We still must con - tin - ue to act out our part. Ah

conduct is charming, but somewhat a - larming, I can - not di - vine what it means, for my part;

Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor

Be - cause I'm Car - - - - los!

Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! Se - nor Car - los! His

Be - cause I'm Car - - - - los! This

presence a - larming, sus - picions, dis - arming, We still must con - tin - ue to act out our part. His

conduct is charming, but somewhat a - larming, I can - not di - vine what it means, for my part; This

p

presence a - larming, sus - pi - cions, dis - arming, We still must con - tin - ue to act out our part, His

con - duct is charming, but somewhat a - larming, I can - not di - vine what it means, for my part, This

f

presence a - larm - ing, sus - pi - cions, dis - arming, We still must con - tin - ue to act out our part, His

con - duct is charming, but somewhat a - larming, I can - not di - vine what is meant, for my part, This

presence a - larm - ing, sus - pi - cions, dis - arming, We still must con - tin- ue to act out our part, To

con - duct is charming, but somewhat a - larming, I can - not di - vine what is meant, for my part, What

act..... our part, To act.... ... our part, To

for..... my part, What for..... my part, What

act..... our... ..... part.

for..... . my..... part.

ff

Inez. Oh, Senor, we pray that you will remain with us.
Doct. Yes, and accept our excuses.
Car. What does this sudden change mean?
Inez. Why that severe look?
Car. (*Simpering.*) Excuse me, it was only a smile.
Doct. (*forcing him into a chair.* Sit down, sir, I beg.
Car. (*rising.*) But, Senor——
Inez. Oh, don't rise. We really can't allow you to stand. (*Pushes him into a chair.*)
Doct. (*eagerly.*) What refreshments will you take? Some cake?
Inez. Wine? **Doct.** Ice? **Inez.** Bananas? Plums?
Doct. Peaches? **Inez.** Cordial? **Doct.** Maraschino?
Inez. Lachryma Christi? **Doct.** Money? **Inez.** His bed?
Doct. My daughter? **Inez.** His wife? **Doct.** My horses?
Inez. His carriage? **Doct.** My life blood?
Car. (*terrified.*) What does this all mean? (*Looks with a silly air about the room.*)
Doct. (*aside to* Inez.) It *is* Carlos!
Inez. (*to* Doct.) I was afraid it was a police spy! Oh, I am so happy.
Doct. (*to* Inez.) So am I. But he spoke of the balcony I am not yet certain of him. Look how he stares! I will pump him. (*Aloud.*) Well, my young friend. You have appeared in quite an unexpected manner.
Car. Yes, sir, the beautiful stars of eve——
Doct. Yes. I believe you said so before. Ha, ha! (*laughs uneasily.*) I believe you said—ha, ha!—that you were on the water under the balcony——
Car. Oh, yes, sir! The flowing stream meandered on its peaceful way. The tender flowers had sunk to rest, and——
Doct. Grace, for the love of the saints! Tell us what you saw.
Car. (*silly.*) Saw?
Inez. When the Doctor says saw, he means, in fact—saw!
Car. (*smiling politely.*) Ah, now I understand! The vision of brightness stepped on the balcony—— **Inez.** That was I!
Car. I have seen nothing else, on my honor. If anything transpired there that I ought not to have seen——
Doct. But there didn't. (*Aside.*) I still suspect him! (*Aloud.*) What refreshment will you take, Senor? Take some wine.
Car. Oh, sir! (*Simpering.* Anything. No, sir! Nothing! I—(*Effeminately.*) never drink. **Inez.** What! Not water?
Car. No. That is, sometimes. I live upon the tender dew that Love distils from the rose leaves. Love is my food, love is my drink.
Doct. Of course. Inez, get him a carafe of love.
Car. (*aside.*) How strangely he acts! Who can he be? He seemed to know my father's name.
Doct. You really must take some wine with me.
Car. Well, if I must—let it be water. Oh, I love water! Water! Sparkling water! Oh, divine liquor! One looks at water—sails on water—swims in water——
Inez. Yes, and washes in water!
Car. Yes. Of course—that is—sometimes. (*confused.*)
Doct. Inez, get me that flagon of wine in the closet. Be careful, and bring the right one. And, Inez, glasses. (Inez *gets glasses from closet, fills one from flagon, and offers it to* Carlos *on tray.*)
Car. Thank you. (*tastes it.*) Bah! (*distastefully.*)
Doct. What is the matter? [this?
Car. Nothing. (*with politeness and stupidity.*) What do you call
Doct. Lachryma Christi.
Car. Yes. It is fine—splendid. Thank you. (*drinks and is disgusted, but tries to smile to* Doctor *with politeness.*)
Doct. Inez, bring me a glassful also.
Inez. Yes, Senor. (*gives him wine.*)
Doct. (*about to drink.*) Carambo! What is this? **Inez.** Wine, sir.
Doct. Show me the bottle. (Carlos *yawns and is in pain.*)
Inez. There, Senor! (*shows bottle.*)
Doct. The devil! Have you given him this? It is my medicine. I made it too strong, and it's poison.
Car. I wonder how you can like such bitter wine. It isn't—very—nice. I feel very sleepy. What-funny-wine! (*falls in armchair.*)
Doct. Wretched girl, you have done another murder!
Inez. After all, sir, it is only medicine.
Doct. Yes, but I intended it for my patients, not for my friends.
Car. Yes. (*yawns.*) My father!—kind man!—funny wine.
Doct. (*with sublime composure*) He is dying. We are again accomplices.
Car. Oh, dear! (*sleeps.*)
Inez. Gone? **Doct.** Dead! **Inez.** Very dead?
Doct Fortissimo dead. It would have killed an elephant or an alderman.
Inez. Oh, heavens! Two murders in a night! What is to be done?
Doct. We must cut the body up, and take it away piecemeal.
Inez. Let's fling it into the water.
Doct. No, wretched girl. It would poison all the fish. We have crimes enough on our heads. Inez!
Inez. Yes! Senor Doctor. **Doct.** You are a murderess!
Inez. Yes, Doctor. So are you. **Doct.** Inez!
Inez. Yes, Doctor. (Doctor *locks doors.*)
Doct. We are both murderers! **Inez.** Yes, Senor Doctor
Doct. Inez! **Inez.** Yes, Doctor.
Doct. We shall be hung if we are discovered. I have always been a kind master to you. Since you have the crimes on your mind, you might as well take the blame of both. Be hung without me, and merit my eternal gratitude!
Inez. Doctor, I was about to ask you to do the same thing for me.
Doct. Oh, dear! I feel very cold.
Inez. How must *he* feel! Oh, St. Peter, have mercy on us! Let us hide the body for the present. Where shall we conceal it?
Doct. I don't know. The deuce! What do dead bodies mean by trespassing on my house in this way? Here, put it in this sofa-bed. (*opens sofa.*) **Inez** Yes. Be quick. Help me.
Doct. I don't like to touch *him*—I mean *it!*—Do you put it in alone.
Inez. I can't. I won't. Oh, dear! I'm getting faint.
Luc. (*knocks at door.*) Doctor!
Doct. Oh, mercy! **Inez.** We are lost!
Luc. (*outside.*) My dear, some one wants to see you. He has been knocking at the door for some time. (*loud knock.*)
Inez. It is your wife. Should she see the body!——
Doct. (*gloomily.*) She must perish too. **Luc.** (*outside.*) I think it is Senor Balthazar. **Inez.** His—I mean its Father.
Doct. Father! Oh, he must die also. What brings him here?
Luc. (*outside.*) Open the door! **Doct.** Yes! Quick, Inez. (*they place Carlos' body in the sofa, and close the lid.*)
Inez. Oh, mercy on us! We are lost. (*opens door, and admits* Lucrezia, *with candle.*)
Doct. I'm coming. (*unlocks door, and admits* Senor Balthazar.) [Isabella *enters.*]
Balthazar (*to* Doct.) Ah, my old friend! Delighted to see you. Give us your hand. (*shakes* Doctor's *hand.*) Why, how cold your hand is! **Doct.** Yes! I've got a cold.
Bal. Ah! I thought I'd take you by surprise.
Doct. I'm cursed if you haven't. Welcome, my friend! How—how are all your family? **Bal.** Happily they are all well. (*sits on sofa.*) **Doct.** Oh, murder! (*aside.*) He little knows what the padding of that sofa is made of. **Bal.** My son hasn't been home for some two or three days. But that is nothing.
Doct. Of course not. I—I—wouldn't feel troubled if he didn't come home for two or three more, if I were you. He is all right.
Bal. Of course. It doesn't trouble me at all. I have just arrived in Alcantara from home. I came down to see you in order to settle about the marriage of which we have spoken so often.
Doct. Yes, of course. Isa. (*aside.*) I won't wed his son, I'm determined.
Bal. I expect my son here in the morning. I left word to that effect for him, at the hotel, where I knew he has been staying.
Doct. (*aside.*) Inez! **Inez.** (*aside.*) Doctor!
Bal. I suppose I can have a bed here for the night. Eh, old friend? **Doct.** Oh, yes. Of course. **Luc.** Inez, have a bed aired for Senor Balthazar.
Inez. There is not a bed ready in the house.
Luc. True! I had forgot. Well, he can manage to sleep in this room for the night. We will make it all right to-morrow.
Doct. (*aside.*) In this room! **Bal.** Oh, yes! Anywhere will do for me. Don't let me give you any trouble.
Luc. The Senor must be fatigued. Inez, some wine!
Doct. No. No wine, Inez. **Bal.** Why not?
Doct. The—fact—is—I have drunk it all. Ha, ha!
Bal. Ha, ha! Well a little morsel of supper.
Luc. How provoking, to think that of all nights in the year, we should have an empty larder to-night!
Bal. Well, well! Never mind. I know it is late. It doesn't matter. I'll take up my bed on this sofa, and wait till the morning.
Inez. (*with horror.*) Eh? **Doct.** (*aside.*) On the top of his own son!
Bal. What the deuce ails them all? They look as if they were going to an auto-da-fe.
Luc. (*aside.*) I wonder where that young man can be?
Doct. No, no, Senor! Not on that sofa! Really!
Bal. Nonsense! No ceremony! How strangely you all act!
Inez. (*aside to* Doct.) Oh, think of his making an unhappy sandwich of his own son!
Doct. (*aside, tragically.*) It is Providence—Fatality!
Luc. Well, then, Senor, apologizing for our apparent neglect, we bid you good night. In the morning, I hope we shall be able to atone for it.
Doct. (*to* Inez.) When he sleeps, we must come here with a pair of shears and cut the body from under him.
Inez. (*aside.*) Should he wake—— **Doct.** (*aside.*) He dies!
Isa. (*aside.*) Oh, why did he come at such an unhappy time? I hate him, as I hate his son whom I have never seen!
Bal. Well, friend, I'll not detain you any longer. Good-night.

GOOD NIGHT, SENOR BALTHAZAR.

Moderato.

p

rit. *tr*

LUC. *(With candle in hand.)*

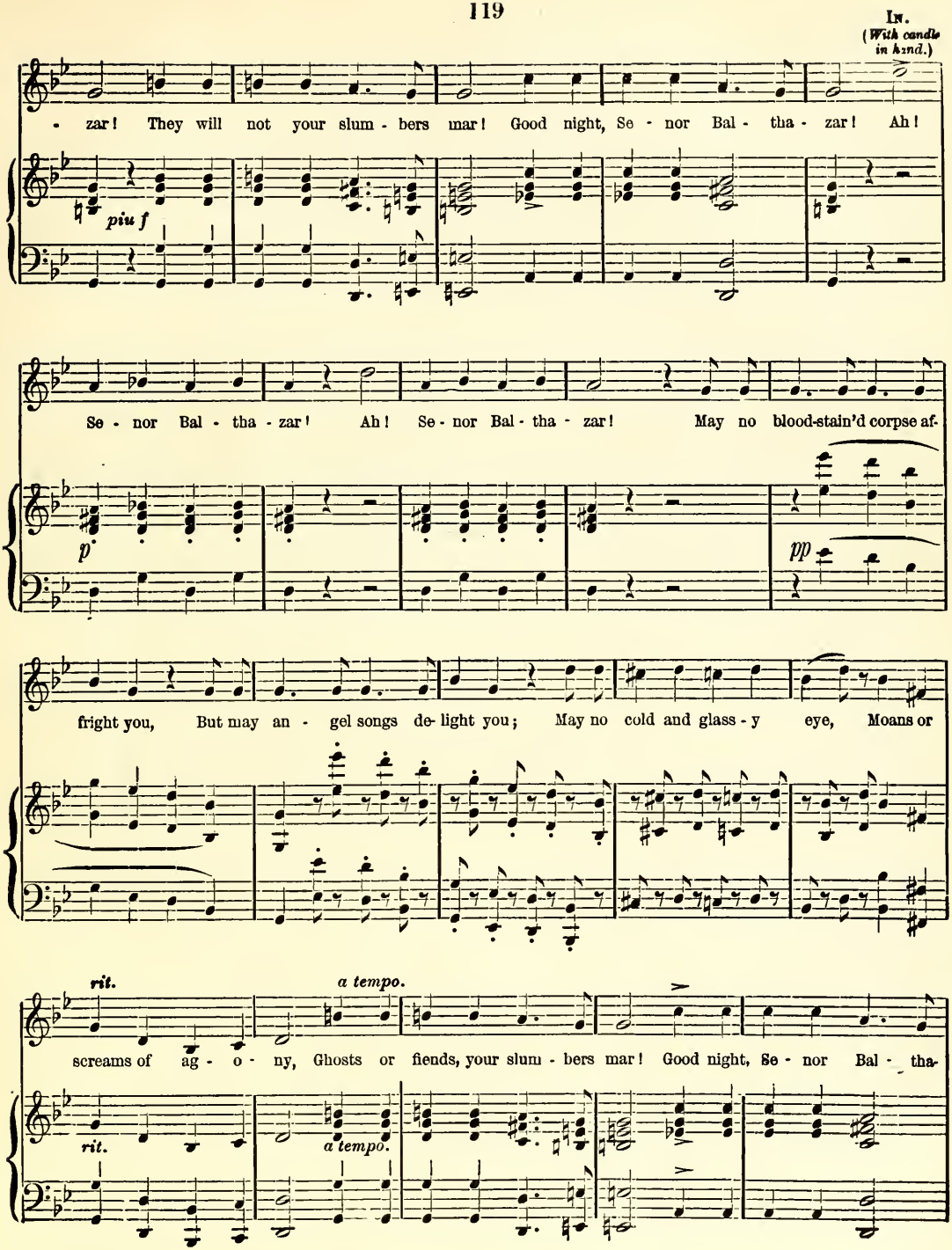
Ah! Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah! Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Pleasant dreams and slumbers

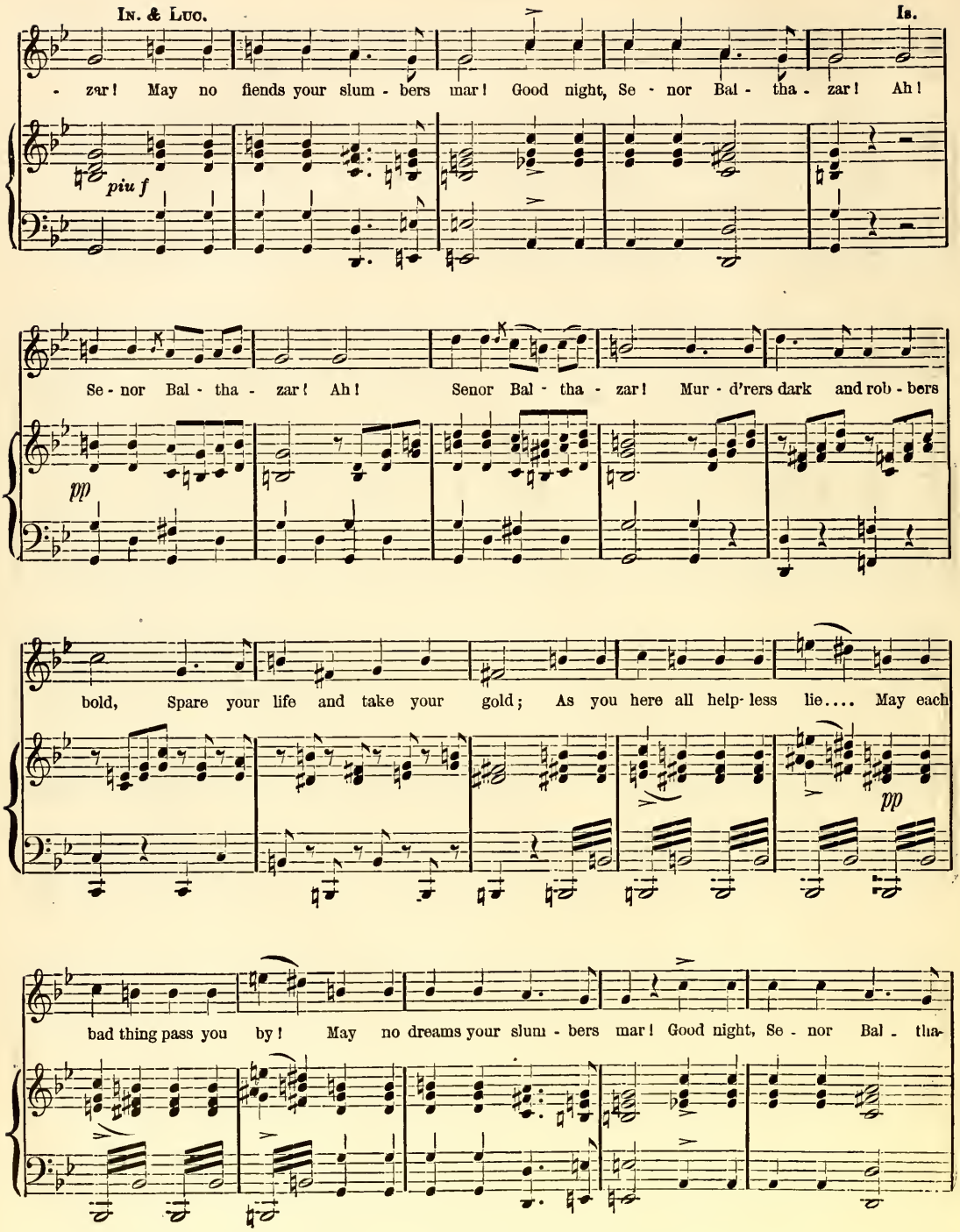
p

bright Be your hap - py lot to - night; Of gloomy nightmares have no fear, Ghosts nor

p *f* *p* *p* *f* *p*

de - mons lurk not here, They will not your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha-


In.
(With candle in hand.)
- zar! They will not your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah!
piu f
Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah! Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! May no blood-stain'd corpse af-
p
pp
fright you, But may an - gel songs de- light you; May no cold and glass - y eye, Moans or
rit.
a tempo.
screams of ag - o - ny, Ghosts or fiends, your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha-
rit.
a tempo.


In. & Luc.
Is.
- zar! May no fiends your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah!
piu f
Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah! Senor Bal - tha - zar! Mur - d'rers dark and rob - bers
pp
bold, Spare your life and take your gold; As you here all help- less lie.... May each
pp
bad thing pass you by! May no dreams your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha-

Is., In., & Luc.

Doc.

- zar! May no dreams your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah!

piu f

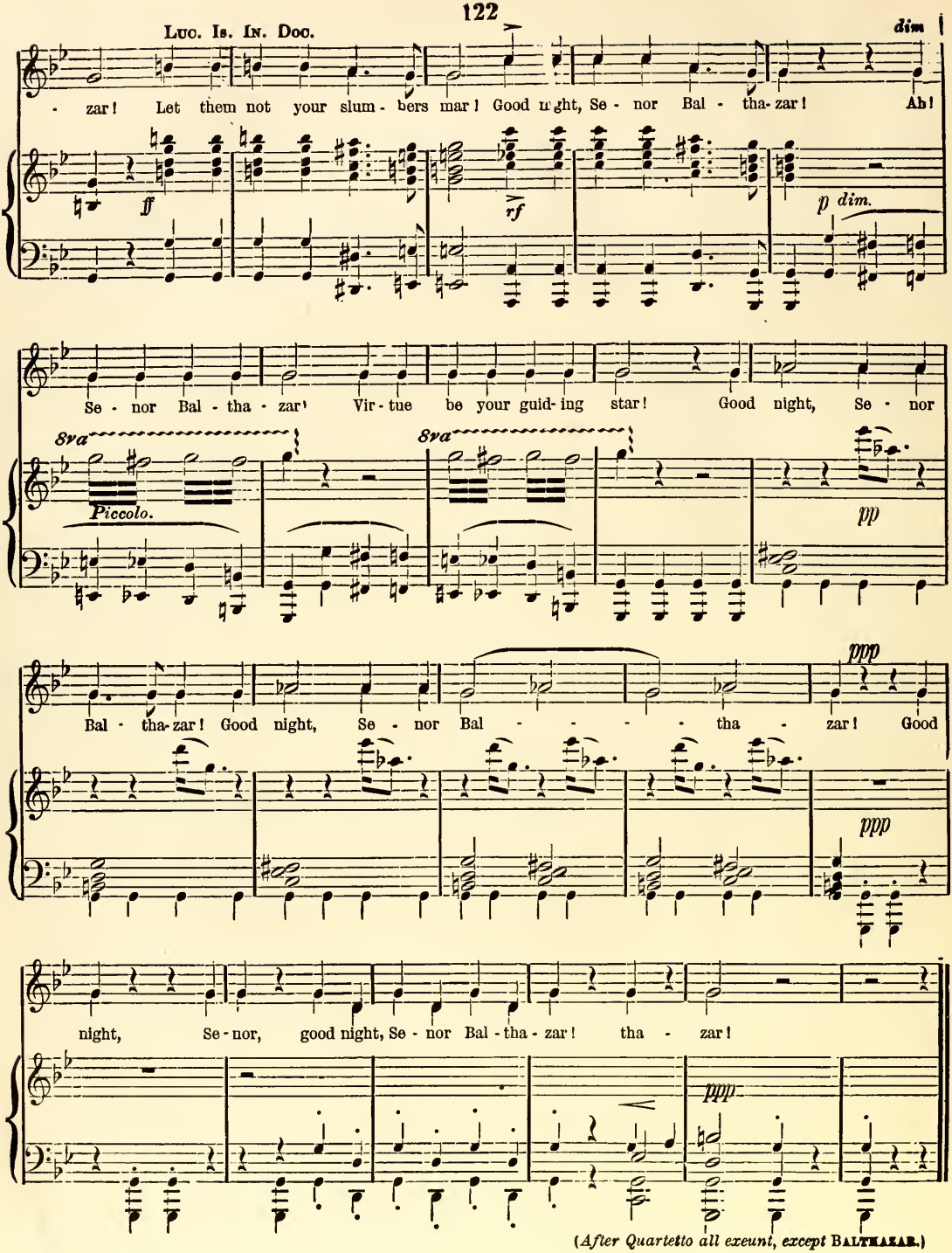
Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Ah! Se - nor Bal - tha - zar! Pay no heed to ghost - ly

p

dreams; Of gibbets in the pale moonbeams; If owlets scream, or jack - als bark. Or bats flit

f *p* *f* *p*

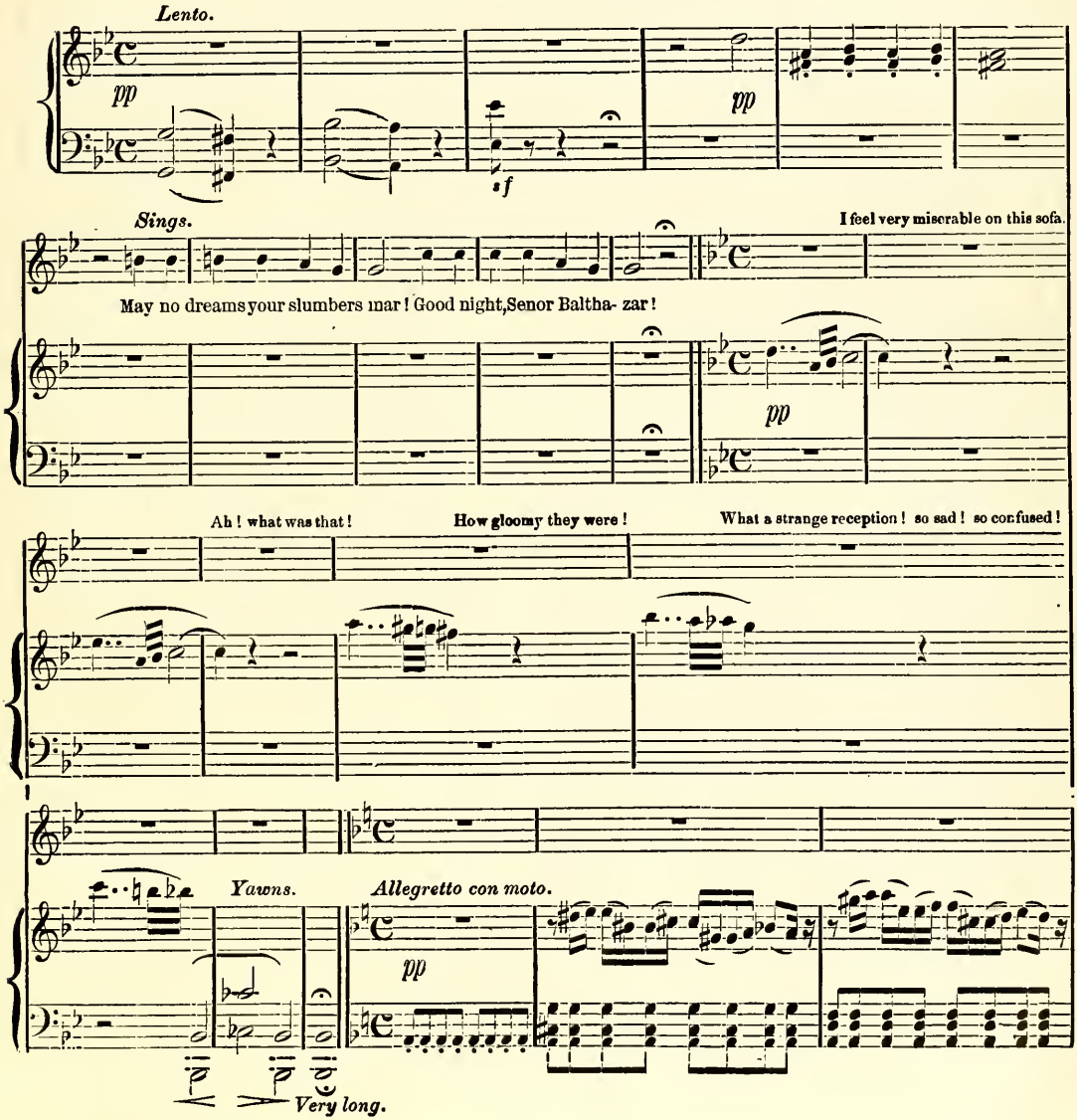
o'er you in the dark; Let them not your slum - bers mar! Good night, Se - nor Bal - tha-

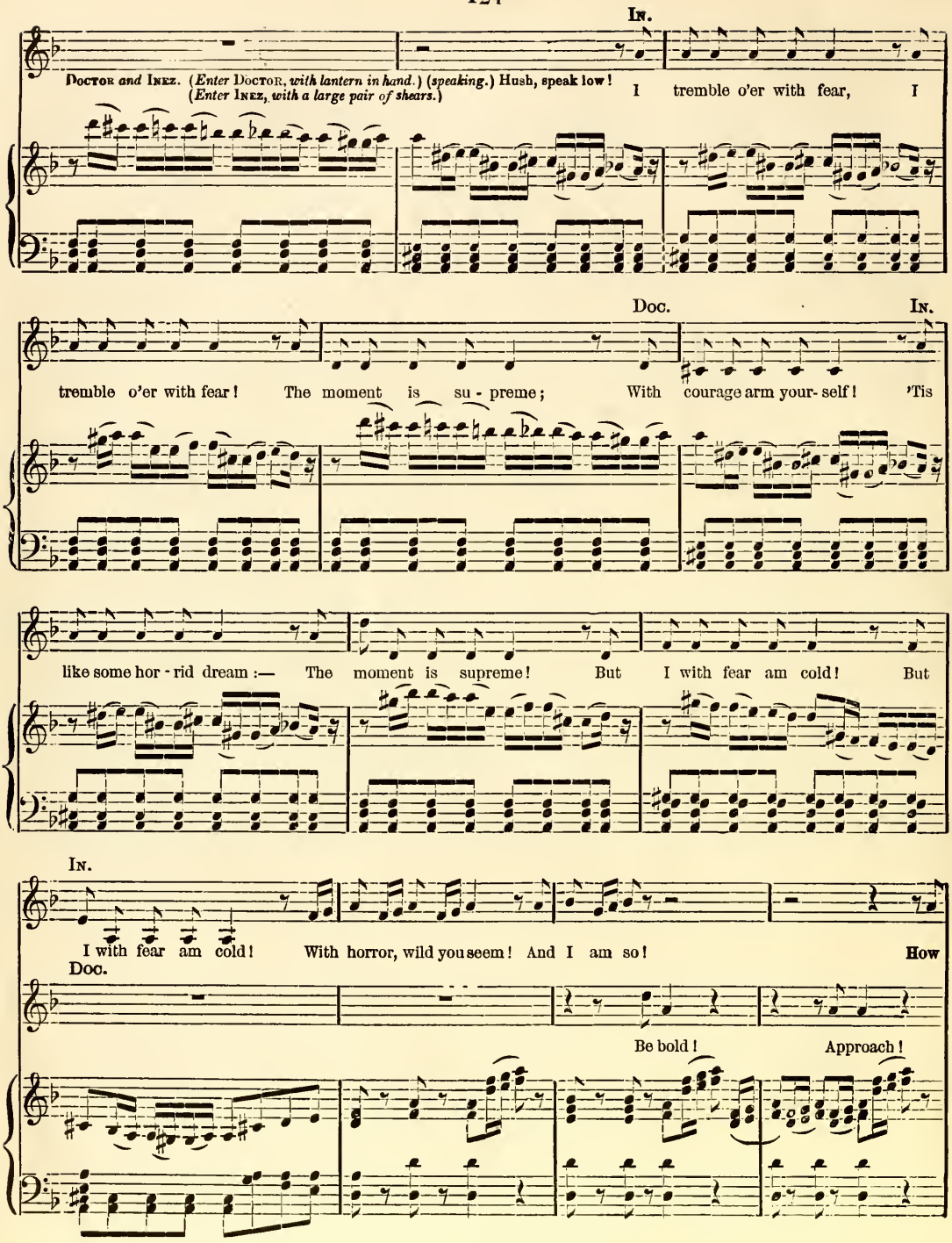


(*After Quartetto all exeunt, except* Balthazar.)

Bal. How strangely every body seems to act in this house! What can be the matter? How gloomy every thing is! I don't much fancy this sofa. It's very small! Two would find it rather limited. (*A sigh from sofa heard.*) What is that?—Pshaw!—Nothing. Their miserable good night has given me the horrors, I believe. (*Blows out light, and lies down.*) This house has a very fatal and ghostly air. "Good night!" It sounded very much like "Go to devil!" I must observe them in the morning. (*Takes off his peruke and puts it on wig block on table.*) "May no ghosts your slumbers mar." (*Singing.*) Ghosts, gibbets, bats, murders, moonbeams, moans, screams of agony, and demons! A pretty supper to go to bed on! (*Sings to wig block.*) "Ah! Señor Balthazar!" (*Walking to and fro.*) Can they have any designs on me? They certainly behaved very mysteriously. (*Yawns.*) Pshaw! What a fool I am! I'm very sleepy. (*Sits on sofa.*) I will sleep with one eye open, to be on my guard. (*The wind moans outside.*) Dear me, I feel very gloomy. (*Sings to wig block.*)

FINALE.




In.
Doctor and Inez. (Enter Doctor, with lantern in hand.) (speaking.) Hush, speak low!
(Enter Inez, with a large pair of shears.)
I tremble o'er with fear, I
Doc.
In.
tremble o'er with fear! The moment is su - preme; With courage arm your- self! 'Tis
like some hor - rid dream :— The moment is supreme! But I with fear am cold! But
In.
I with fear am cold! With horror, wild you seem! And I am so!
How
Doc.
Be bold!
Approach!

calmly does he sleep! My heart with grief is torn. Our crime is dark and deep! We ne'er shall cease to mourn! I

tremble! He sleeps! But should he wake!

Doc.

(gloomily.)

Have no fear! 'Twill be an- oth- er crime, But

fp

Oh! spare him, for my sake! I freeze with fear! A- las! should they overhear!

he must die this time. Come quick.y.

Doc. (*speaks.*) "Be cautious." In. (*speaks.*) "It is not easy, truly."

Vivace. Doc. (*agitated.*)

(*She begins to cut back of sofa with shears.*)

Take him, take him, take him,

pp

p *Vivace.*

INEZ. *(behind the sofa.)*

Yes, it is done! By the feet!

DOC.

Take him, take him, take him! Pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him! Take him, take him, take him,

Yes, it is done! By the feet!

take him, take him, take him! Pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him,

(horror-struck.) BALTH. "Who goes there?" CAR. *draws a long sigh.* *(Sigh.)*

By the feet! What is that? That ghostly sound!

By the feet! What is that? That ghostly sound!

pp *f* *pp* *pp*

Lento.

Largo. (CARLOS *little by little gets out of the sofa, and at length sits upon it. The others all group about at the back.*

CAR. *(dreamily.)*

Oh! where am I? I dream! What bliss steals o'er my heart! How came I here? Oh,

dol.

yes! Troy oegg'd I'd not de- part, I'd not depart.—Oh, words de - li - - cious! Oh, hope auspi - -

INEZ.

Yes, try a - gain! Yes, try a - gain!

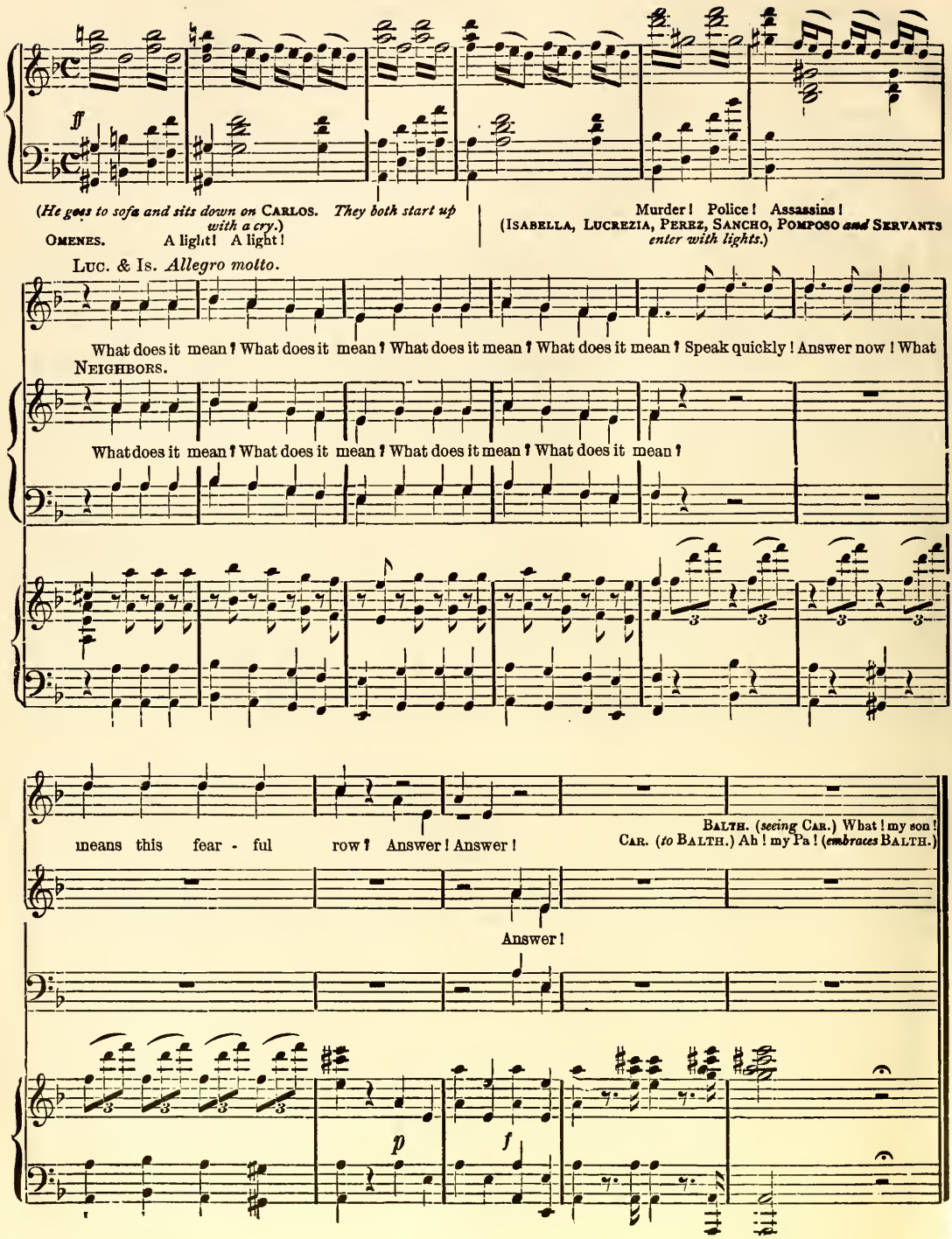
CARL.

- cious! Oh, words de- li - - cious! Oh, hope auspicious!

DOC.

Come, try a - gain! Come, try a - gain!

BALTH. In vain I listen; 'twas but a dream.


(He goes to sofa and sits down on CARLOS. They both start up with a cry.)
OMENES. A light! A light!
Murder! Police! Assassins!
(ISABELLA, LUCREZIA, PEREZ, SANCHO, POMPOSO and SERVANTS enter with lights.)
LUC. & IS. Allegro molto.
What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean? Speak quickly! Answer now! What
NEIGHBORS.
What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean?
means this fear - ful row? Answer! Answer!
BALTH. (seeing CAR.) What! my son!
CAR. (to BALTH.) Ah! my Pa! (embraces BALTH.)
Answer!
p
f

Is. Car.

Is he your son? My cav - a - lier! Ah then I need no long - er fear.— That is my

non troppo.

f *p*

All. Luc. (*aside.*) Car. (*to* Is.)

pa! His name is Se - nor Bal - thazar! Bal-tha -zar! He came..... for her — I still un - to my vows am

f

Luc. (*aside.*) Car. In. (*to* Carlos.)

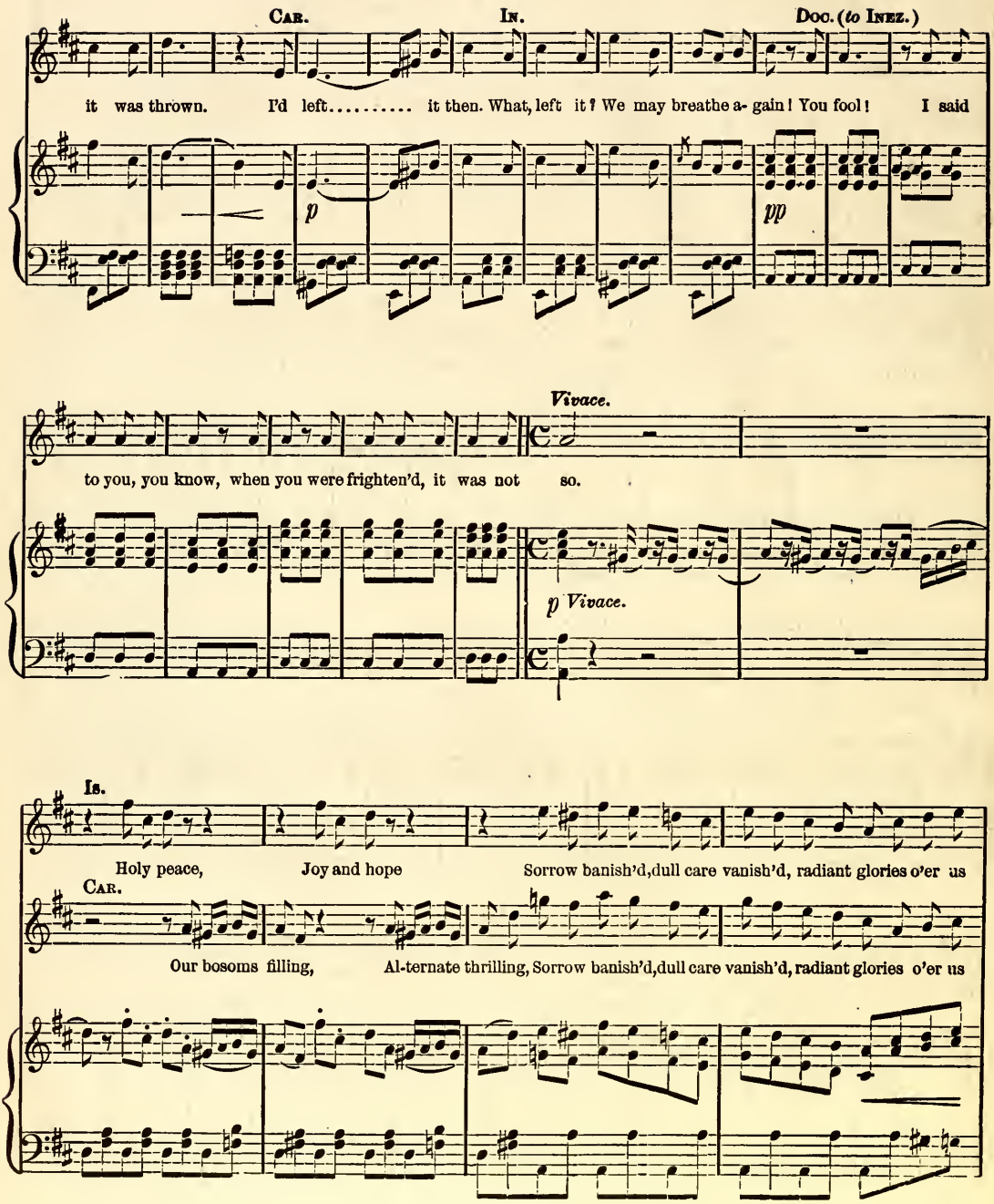
true. He came..... for her— I still un - to my vows am true. Were you not in the

p

All. In. Car. In.

riv - er toss'd? I vow, we both tho't you were lost! What lost! Were you not in the basket? When? When

f *p*


Car.
In.
Doc. (to Inez.)
it was thrown. I'd left..... it then. What, left it? We may breathe a- gain! You fool! I said
p
pp
Vivace.
to you, you know, when you were frighten'd, it was not so.
p Vivace.
Is.
Holy peace, Joy and hope Sorrow banish'd, dull care vanish'd, radiant glories o'er us
Car.
Our bosoms filling, Al-ternate thrilling, Sorrow banish'd, dull care vanish'd, radiant glories o'er us

crowd. Holy peace, Joy and hope Sorrow banished, radiant glories o'er us

crowd. Our bosoms filling, Al-ter-nate thrilling! All care vanished,

fp

crowd. And our sunshine knows no cloud! And our sunshine knows no

Hearts beat lightly, Hope smiles brightly; Hearts beat lightly, Hope smiles brightly.

Lento. Car.

cloud! Hope ev-er smiling When clouds darkest low - er, Sorrow be-

f

pp Lento.

-guiling, With sunshine's gay dow - er, Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro -sy

Is.

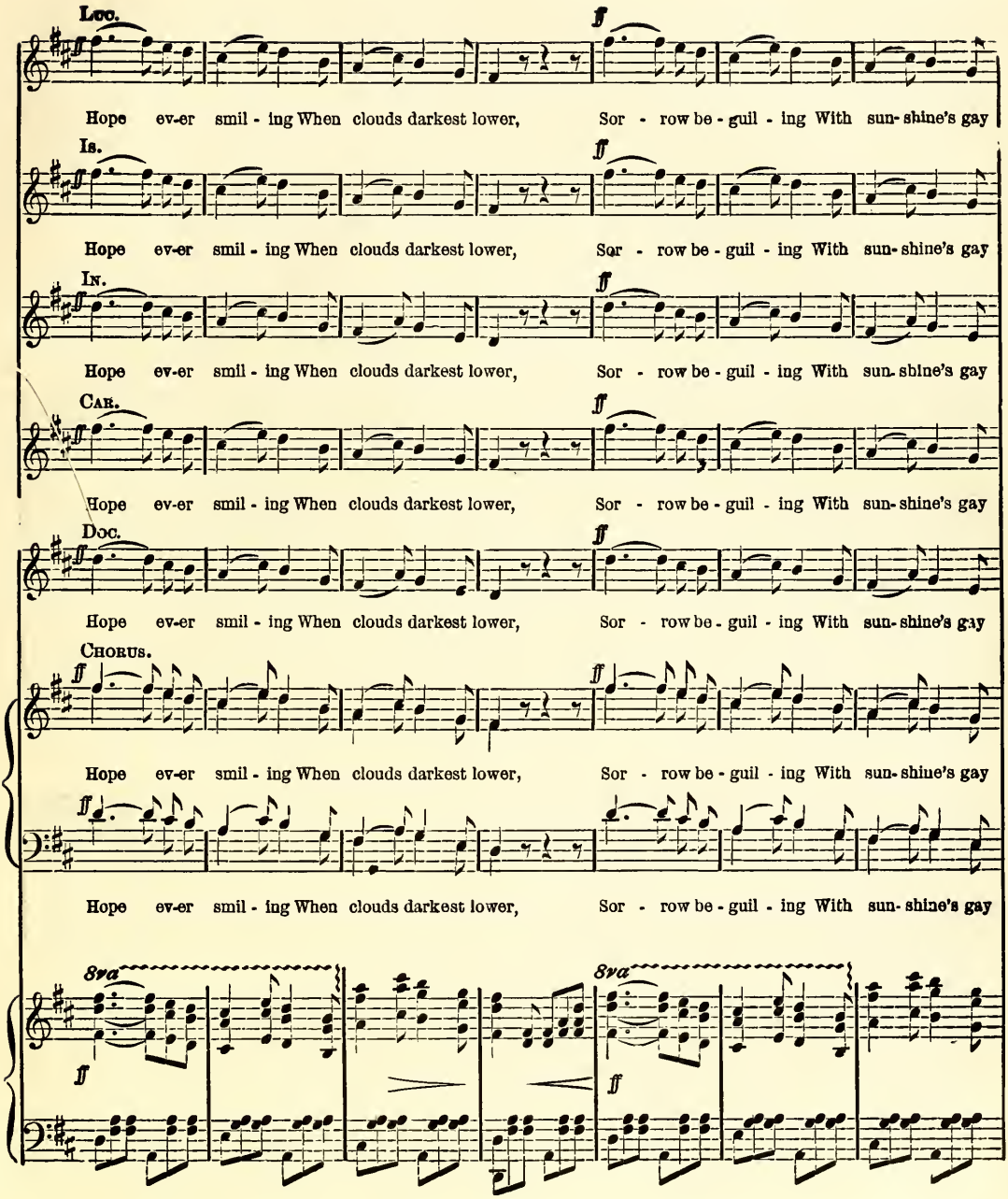
In.

Hope ev - er smil - ing When clouds darkest low - er, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sunshine's gay

bow'r. Hope ev - - er smil - ing! Sor - - row be-

dow - er, Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

guil - ing, Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.


Loc.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
Is.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
In.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
Car.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
Doc.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
Chorus.
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
Hope ev-er smil - ing When clouds darkest lower, Sor - row be - guil - ing With sun-shine's gay
8va
8va

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

dow'r Now hovers o'er us, Flying be - fore us, Leading the way un- to Joy's ro - sy bow'r.

rit.

f Vivace.

Fine.

DAY DREAMS OF LOVE.

Introduced in the Comic Opera
The "Doctor of Alcantara."

JULIUS EICHBERG.

ANDANTE.

mf *cres.* *dim.*

Day dreams of love, for - e'er my heart en - tranc - - ing;

p

Bright wings of hope, a - las. you've sped a - way! Vis - ion of bliss, To

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me life's joy en - hanc - ing; Far, far from her, sad long - ing dark - ens my day;

rf *p* *pp*

To me re - turn and heal this fond heart's yearn - ing, Pi - ty for me, for

più agitato.

hopeless is my fate; Come dear - est maid, For thee my soul is burn - ing,

Must I needs de - spair? Ah! day dreams of love, for - e'er my heart entranc - ing,

rf *f* *rit.* *f* *p*

Brightnings of hope, how soon you've sped a - way! Vis - ions of bliss, to

trem. *cres.*

me life' joys en-hanc - ing, A - rise a - new, con - sol - ing an - gels of day!

rit. *f* *p* *pp*

Vis - ions of bliss, to me life's joys en - hanc - ing,..... A - rise a - new, *cres.*

cres.

consol - ing An - gels of day!

f *ff* *cres.* *dim.*

FAVORITE MAZURKA SONG.

Introduced in the Comic Opera
The "Doctor of Alcantara."

JULIUS EICHBERG.

ALLEGRETTO.

f

1. If a lov - er is poor, You may feel quite se - - cure; Then his
2. On their knees they im - plore, At our feet they a - - dore, And our

p

sighs and his vows are all hon - est and true. For naught else on
poor lit - tle hearts are soon moved to be - lieve. So we hear their ap -

earth, Can give proof of their worth, Save af - fec - tion sin - cere, and de -
- peal, For their an - guish we feel, But they win our com - pas - sion, a -

-vo - tion to you, But let for - tune once smile, And his love is all
-las! to de - ceive. I have guard - ed my heart Against love's cru - el

p *dolce.*

guile; No more dare you trust to a word he can say, Though the
dart; No more to that spot shall his barb find a way, And I

suit may sur - vive, It will sure - ly not thrive— Love nur - tured in
warn you take heed, Of my words at your need: Love nur - tured in

rich - es will die in a day, If a lov - er is poor, You may

f

feel quite se - cure; Then his sighs and his vows are all hon - est and

true; For naught else on earth, Can give proof of his worth, Save af -

rall.

- fec - tion sin - cere, and de - vo - - tion to you.

cres. *f* *f*

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